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Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

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## Next week

THE ULTIMATE GAME that settles for another year the supremacy of pro football is set for Miami. Tex Maule and Edwin Shruke are there to record the why and how of victory.

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS in prize money awaits the pros as they begin the richest golf tour in history this week at the Crosby, where top players pair off with amateur celebrities.

THE X WILD CLUB—a select group of fishermen headed by Pete Krendler of "21"—journeys to Norway in search of salmon. Edwin Shruke reports how it is to go fishing in style.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Indoor track and field got under way last week (page 46), and it signaled the beginning of a long, promising season of track competition that will culminate next October in the Olympic Games at Mexico City. In recognition—or anticipation—of the dramatic possibilities that always seem to develop during an Olympiad, we begin in this issue (page 18) a three-part story on the colorful era of Ron Delany.

It has been a bit more than 11 years since Delany, his arms stretched wide apart, a delighted grin on his long Irish face, sprinted through the tape at Melbourne to become one of the truly glamorous figures in all of sport—the Olymp-



RON DELANY IN DUBLIN OFFICE

pic 1,500-meter champion. But before and after that great moment in his life, Delany's fame as a runner lay indoors rather than out. He charmed a generation of indoor track enthusiasts with his extraordinary prowess and success on the boards; he was undefeated at all distances for five seasons, and he won 34 straight times in the most demanding of all indoor events, the one-mile run. He also consistently annoyed and irritated a large sector of the gallery, those who were put off by his aggressive running tactics and his adamant refusal to go all-out for records

every time he raced. Against inferior opposition he preferred to lope home an easy winner, and never mind the pedestrian time.

Delany appeared unperturbed by the boos and catcalls of his antagonists. "Waaaaa is the thing," he explained, and went on winning, running in record time only when he had to—as in Melbourne. His path from the crowded little circles of the indoor arenas to the winner's stand at the Olympics was often a tortuous one, and now he has written a remarkably fresh account of those turbulent and triumphant days. He has a lot to say about collegiate running, and he has some candid opinions of certain runners and officials.

Delany wrote the story by himself, using no professional help except for a typist who transcribed the handwritten copy. He composed it in Dublin, his home town, which he left in 1954 to come to the U.S. to enter Villanova University and where he returned when his running days were over. Today, nearly 33, he is married, has three small children, lives in Foxrock, a residential suburb, and works in Dublin as marketing manager for the B & I Steam Packet Company. The company's business is travel, and Delany is on the move two or three weeks out of every six, visiting major European travel agencies. He gets back to the U.S. about once a year, not on business but usually as a guest speaker at sports banquets and similar functions. Next month, for instance, he will come over for the Philadelphia Inquirer Meet.

But just to watch. He doesn't run anymore, even for exercise. Instead, like the young businessman he is, he plays squash twice a week.

*Garry Falk*

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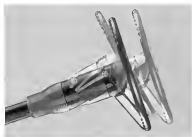
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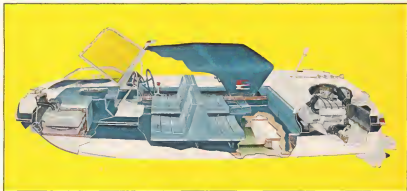
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# BOOKTALK

A sporting goods firm finds splendid reading in long-out-of-print volumes

In addition to selling some of the world's finest and most expensive sporting goods, the old firm of Abercrombie & Fitch has suddenly gone into the publishing business with no sacrifice whatever of its standards of excellence. In conjunction with Arno Press, it has brought out a library of 42 books, all duplicates of sporting books once popular but long out of print. If you have a taste for unhurried English prose, fine steel engravings and authors unhampered by false modesty in the recounting of their exploits, you will find here some of the best reading about the outdoors to be found.

Warburton Pike's *The Bacon Gravel of Northern Canada* (\$8.95) is a good example. Pike was a natural genius who never thought of himself as a literary figure. He was simply an adventurous dropout from Oxford with an overpowering impulse to shoot a musk-ox and the energy to write about it afterward. In 1889, equipped with little more than two rifles, he made his way some 1,300 miles north of Edmonton. With 20 Indians, 15 dogs and little money to sustain them, he faced the last few hundred miles of his journey with no provisions except two sacks of flour and 50 pounds of bacon. Hundreds of miles beyond the last tree he wrote, "I was rewarded for my trouble by a good view of what is probably the most complete desolation that exists on the face of the earth."

Pike's book is as absorbing, as simple and as uncontrived as Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* and, like the others in The A & F Library, it is—in a sense—a photograph from a forgotten album. The publishing venture which brought Pike's journeyings back to life began in March of 1986, when Abercrombie's heir Charles A. Pearce to look into the possibility of making facsimile editions of old out-of-print sporting books. "I had the best job in the world," Pearce said. "I sat in the library of the Racquet Club and read all those books that everyone thinks he would like to read and never has time to."

Pearce prepared for his arduous task in the '20s. A Phi Beta Kappa just out of Hobart College, he soon got a job as an editor at Harcourt, Brace and went on from there to found the firm of Duell, Sloan & Pearce. His work involved such non-sporting types as T. S. Eliot, e. e. cummings, Katherine Anne Porter and Lincoln Steffens. But he also published books like *Scoplose Solo*, an early but soon forgotten work by the now famous solo sailor Sir Francis Chichester. Its fate was typical. It created a momentary stir, sold out one edition and dropped from sight.

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### BOOKTALK *continued*

similar oblivion, Abercrombie's wisely chose an experienced bookman rather than a sports expert. That choice enabled them to bring to the general reader much fine narrative whose value far transcends that of mere sporting curiosity.

Prince Demidoff's *After Wild Sheep in the Altai and Mongolia* (\$10) is a quaintly engrossing account of a great hunting trip in 1897 which incidentally became a standard source of scientific information on the rare *Ovis amox* that still inhabits the mountains on the Russian-Chinese border.

The prince's party included his wife and another couple, two valets, a physician, a cook, interpreters, packers and guides—25 persons in all plus 50 horses and pack animals. Yet there is something engagingly simple in the prince's account of it. He records his pride when his wife borrowed his friend's rifle and, with the others betting her 20 to 1 that she would miss, killed a rabbit at 80 yards. He notes that Mrs. Little-dale (his friend's wife) insisted on observing the Sabbath, only to find when she returned that they had miscalculated the days and she had been observing Fridays.

In sharp contrast to the prince is Arthur H. Neumann, the author of *Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa* (\$12.50) and the only genuinely bloodthirsty author in the lot. "I am prepared to be denounced as cruel," he wrote, and he was. His long book covers two expeditions for ivory near Mount Kilimanjaro (1893-94), with detailed accounts of the killing of some 56 elephants and many more rhino, giraffes, zebras, lions and much besides. "It is not often one has the chance of seeing a giraffe fall plainly," he wrote. And "nothing in the world can touch the glow of satisfaction on flooring a fine elephant."

How important are these forgotten accounts? Pearce says the old hunters had a lasting effect on English literature as they wrote of their feats of endurance. With no time to waste on purple prose, they developed simple, direct styles that were far removed from the mid-Victorian affectations common in their period. They brought into the perky English world the fabulous color and harsh beauty of the wilderness and the desert, and made an amazing impact on English culture in the process.

It is true that almost any one of the books in The Abercrombie & Fitch Library tends to make contemporary novels read like interoffice memos. But their greatest charm comes from the sense of discovery they provide. Their authors rarely became famous. They put no names in literary reference books, and literary critics do not write studies of their prose. Yet it is a recurring pleasure to find that so many of these artless authors write so much better than others who became famous.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

## YESTERDAY

### Frosty Fun at the Fair

Foxes slid on the ice and Londoners learned to skate for the first time in 1683-1684 when the Thames River froze solid by MARY EVANS

England has seldom known a winter as cold—or as much fun—as that of 1683-84. It was so cold that trees cracked open as if hit by lightning; the capital's collections of exotic plants and animals, which were then all the rage (an immature female rhinoceros was the newest marvel), were sadly depleted, and—most important—the Thames River was frozen solid. Not a ship could move in or out, and many were stuck like cake decorations in the middle of the river.

So solid was the river for about six weeks, and so unpleasant was London itself—what with all the coal smoke made necessary by the extreme cold—that half the city took to the ice. Another London, a carnival town of tents and booths which stayed open all night by torchlight, sprang up, and many of its denizens came to know it as Frozeland Fair. Tens of thousands of people came out on the ice. Stagecoaches ran on the frozen river for miles and miles and nobody traveled by road anymore. The ice route was much the faster. There were even stagecoach races.

There was everything to be seen and done in this icy city of diversion, pleasure and sport. Its streets were lined with booths sheltered by striped tents, with flags of all sorts flapping from tall poles.

In mid-river one found shops selling fruit, and girls peddling oranges to the crowd. There was a barber shop to dress a man's hair if it got ruffled in the wind. Shoemakers set up shops, along with all sorts of food suppliers and cooks and wine merchants. Every tent shop had a fire going to make it cosy, and there were fires burning everywhere on the ice so people could warm themselves.

Picket fences were set in circles to make arenas, in one a whole ox was roasted. In another was a display of bull-baiting, with fierce dogs leaping at the

noses of frantic bulls. On the quiet side were puppet shows for children, theatrical performances and toss games where people could win prizes by ringing small targets. Here and there ladies practiced the decorous sport of walking on stilts. Anything that might be done in summer—with the exception of swimming the Thames—went on that winter at Frozeland Fair.

The only trouble was, ships could not move. That meant workmen were out of employment, and, what probably bothered the pleasure-loving Londoners more, there could not be any great ship festivals with floats and fetes. But why couldn't there be! Boats and barges were pried out of the ice, decked with flags and streamers, set upon sledges and hauled over the ice by horses or teams of men. Drummers sat in the prows and beat out rhythms for dancers on the ice. A chariot was devised that may have been a kind of forerunner of today's snowmobile. It was powered over the ice by a sort of propeller.

Amusing as all this must have been, what caused the greatest excitement were the sports made possible by the ice alone. The people of England had long had lively ideas on what to do for sport on the rare occasion of a freeze. A favorite game was to cut a large chunk out of the ice and use this as a sled, poling onto it and pushing it along the ice, with everyone tumbling on and off as it gained in speed. This suggested a wooden sled that was quite circular and pulled by a rope from its center, whirling around and around, slinging its riders off right and left. A "circle of folly" it was called. The real sensation of the big freeze, however, was skating.

The English had for a long time known a kind of ice skating, though its appeal was limited. As far back as the 13th century English boys had taken the leg bones of animals, fastened them to their feet

continued

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by thongs and shoved themselves along the ice by pushing with a stout stick. Onlookers thought they went as fast as the birds or as arrows shot from bows. When more speed palled, the boys devised a kind of tournament: starting at each other from opposite sides, carrying those big sticks aloft, then piling into each other as both combatants spilled onto the ice.

Somebody was always hurt in this game and the sport had few followers, but sometime in the late 17th century real skates were brought to England from Holland and gradually became known to the more fashionable sports. At Freezeland Fair on January 24 Londoners passing along the embankment got their first real look at this novel and graceful sport. It was like dancing or flying, they thought, and was quite the prettiest sight London had ever seen. Two famous gentlemen of 17th-century England—John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys—each recorded in now familiar diaries their delight at seeing the peo-

ple of London sliding on "skeetes."

By the end of January the excitement over the fair had become so great that the king himself paid it a visit, bringing along his family and courtiers. Charles II was a tall, swarthy man, brilliant and fond of unusual diversions. He and his companions fortunately had just the costumes handy for this chilly outing. The remote land of Russia had recently sent ambassadors to England, and those gentlemen had caused a sensation at the English court in their long, loose tunics completely lined with sable. Soon everyone of any pretensions had to have costumes like them. They must have been just the thing to wear on London's frozen river.

Since Charles was very fond of hunting, he arranged to have a fox hunt on the frozen Thames. Charles's way of hunting was leisurely. Fences were set up to form a very large enclosure and to direct the route of the quarry. A fox was kept ready in a cage, and huntsmen lined the route. The king and his favorite

friends sat in a heated pavilion, and when everything was ready a huntsman blew three long blasts on a horn as a signal to release the fox. The fox careened along the ice, guided in its flight by the huntsmen along the way and pursued by skulding greyhounds, who were not allowed to catch up with it until it was just in front of the king's viewing stand.

After the hunt a printing press that had been set up gave His Majesty a souvenir of the great day. Inscribed on heavy Dutch paper, it listed the names of eight princes and princesses in the royal party in a column, with "Charles II" at the top. At the bottom it said, "Printed by G. Groom, on the ICE, on the River of Thames, January 31, 1684."

The king was delighted with his hunt, with his souvenir and with the throngs of cavorting Londoners. Whether he learned to skate is not recorded, but it seems unlikely. The river began to thaw a few days later and the Freezeland Fair was over, melted away with the floods.

END



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# SCORECARD

## PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES....

It is understandable that when a society spends more than it earns, the government eventually must take some kind of action. To meet such a financial imbalance, a country can earn more or spend less. President Johnson has proposed that the U.S. take the second alternative. And one of the requests he will make to Congress is to impose a penalty on American travel to points outside the Western Hemisphere.

Since this is our annual discovery issue—one in which we seek to spotlight enjoyable and unusual sporting venues, either at home or abroad—we are especially conscious of the President's action. We know that Americans like to travel. We know, further, that they cherish the right to pick up and go where they please when they please.

It also happens that this is an Olympic year, and the Administration now finds itself in the peculiar position of telling sports fans that a trip to the Summer Olympics in Mexico City is fine, but seeing the Winter Olympics in Grenoble is, bluntly, on the unpatriotic side.

International sport has, for the most part, been a good thing for the world. Competitors and the enthusiasts who follow them abroad have, on returning to their own countries, helped form a reservoir of international understanding. That would seem to be a resource as much in need of expansion as the gold drain is of diminution.

## GLOBAL PROBLEM

The President's proposal to limit American travel to the Western Hemisphere raises the question: Just where can one go with a clear conscience? *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language* defines the Western Hemisphere as, among other things, "that half of the earth traversed in passing westward from the prime meridian to 180° longitude." Using this as a guide, one could serenely visit London, Dublin, Bordeaux, Lisbon, Madrid, Casablanca,

Dakar, or going westward, the tip of Siberia, Tonga and certainly Bora-Bora (see cover).

## THE DREAM RACE

If we have ever seen a made-to-order Minty situation it is the little function coming up January 27 at the Sports Car Club of America convention in Atlanta. Sandwiched in among the usual dreary meetings and speeches is a slalom race in which any member can determine once and for all whether he can beat Dan Gurney.

SCCA calls it the world's first International Grudge Slalom and will stage it at the Peach Bowl Speedway. Racing star Gurney will enter, plus such other notables as Mark Donohue and Chuck Parsons, and tentative entries have come from world-class racers John Surtees and Bruce McLaren. To keep those mightys from blowing off the Mattys, all will compete in identical 1968 MGs. The entry flyer carries photographs of Gurney and Donohue, with a blank space provided for one to paste in his own picture and the promise that "if you wish, we'll keep your name secret so you won't scare them away." The whole thing starts at 9 a.m. and ends a couple of hours before the annual cocktail party and banquet. It is going to be a long day for Dan.

## RANBLING WITH GRAMBLING

When Eddie Robinson of Grambling College first attended coaching clinics he used to dread introductions. Robinson recalls, "Everybody would laugh and ask, 'What's that again, Ganshling—or Grambling?'"

Now, 26 years later, the football people who count—the pro scouts—know all about the predominantly Negro college in northern Louisiana. Nineteen of Robinson's athletes have gone on to play pro football—among them Tank Younger, Willie Davis, Buck Buchanan, Ernie Ladd and Roosevelt Taylor. Currently, only one college, Notre Dame,

has more alumni listed on NFL and AFL rosters.

This Saturday night in New York, Channel 7 will present "Gambling College: 100 Yards to Glory." The one-hour program, which is to be syndicated and shown later in other cities, is a remarkable sports production and a fine piece of social comment as well. Don't miss it when it comes your way.

## ADRIENNE'S GREEN CARD

A widow with 11 children is currently Europe's most successful tout. Adrienne Cellario, 47, has set herself up in business in Monaco's post office building and is supplying a select clientele with "electronic predictions" on the results of the *Tiercé*, France's popular betting pool in which a horseplayer must name the first three finishers in a certain race. Mme. Cellario, who makes her predictions by using an IBM computer, has picked the winning combination in three of the four *Tiercé*s that have been held since she launched her business last month. On the fourth occasion the com-



puter recommended "abstinence" because there were too many horses with apparently equal chances of winning.

Customers who have followed the betting advice faithfully have risked \$128 (which includes the \$40-a-month subscription fee for the tipping service) and collected \$227.

The morning of a *Tiercé* race, the computer is advised of scratches, the weather and track conditions. Then it assesses each horse's chances and usually proposes bets on the top eight horses. To

continued

get their tips, Mme. Cellario's customers must telephone Monte Carlo on the morning of the race, identify themselves by name and code number and pronounce a password. Although subscribers sign pledges not to pass on the computer's advice, the most effective deterrent seems to be each bettor's awareness that the fewer the players the bigger the payoff.

#### FINE-WEATHER FRIENDS

Last October, when the Red Sox won the American League pennant and played the Cardinals in the World Series, almost every politician in Massachusetts proudly stood up and told his constituents that he would throw his full support behind legislation for the sports stadium that Boston and Massachusetts needed so badly (SI, June 12). It certainly was the politic thing to say at the time, especially since every legislator was entitled to purchase four good Series seats in Fenway Park long before they were available to the public. Well, two weeks ago—12 weeks after the end of the season—those same legislators killed the proposed stadium bill in the top half of the first inning. So the Red Sox will continue to play in the ball park that is a monument to the 1930s, and the Boston Patriots of the AFL might just play their games in Birmingham or Tampa or Seattle. Massachusetts obviously does not want a winner—or deserve one.

#### ON THE TRACK

There are two new ski slopes in Taos, N. Mex., and Resort Owner Ernie Blake has invited the public to help him name them. The new trails are steep shortcuts designed to sidetrack hot-shot skiers and get them off the intermediate slope. Among the suggestions submitted so far are Black Friday (Blake says it is "too negative") and Dante and Faust ("too classical"). Locally, the sharp-dropping slopes are known as Bobby Baker and Billie Sol, but Blake says politics is taboo, which seems to limit the fun. Whatever the public comes up with, it will be hard to top the name that an inspired secretary gave to the beginners' slope a few years ago—Fanny Hill.

#### SWEEPING UP

What with the end of the year and all, it's been a time for cleaning closets. The other day the Pinkertons at Aqueduct

sorted out the items that had been lost and found at the track in recent months. There was the usual assortment of wallets, coats, hats, pawn tickets, etc. But a few noteworthy things turned up, such as a saxophone, a vacuum cleaner, a \$1,700 bracelet and a lady's shoe. The shoe eventually was claimed by a woman who said, "I didn't notice that I'd lost it until I got home."

At that, the year's finds hardly measure up to those of past seasons. Once, for instance, the Pinkertons came upon a shoe box containing \$118,000 worth of jewelry. And another time, an artificial arm.

#### CAPITALIZING

The head of the Bavarian Sports Association has suggested that the city of Munich, which will play host to the 1972 Summer Olympics, build a mountain and become a winter-sports capital as well. The city is in the process of constructing a number of underground transit lines, and it could use the dirt that has been piling up to, uh, to make a mountain out of a moleway.

#### ENTITLED

The bitter cold in Green Bay the day of the NFL title game produced its share of jokes, including the one by the TV announcer who said he was going to stop for a moment and take a bite of his coffee. But the 13°-below-zero weather was no laughing matter. Four Dallas players suffered frostbite, which is similar to a second-degree burn.

Perhaps there are limits to the weather in which football can be played, but events at Green Bay are no excuse for moving the NFL Championship to a comfortable neutral site in California or Florida. "We will work to get the game moved," Commissioner Pete Rozelle said last week. Well, stop working, Pete. The title game belongs to the home town fans. Pro football was played in cities like Cleveland, Chicago and New York long before Miami had a beach. Part of the game's attraction is the hardy attitude of the fans, who have a season-long emotional involvement in how their team fares. Perhaps a Dallas man seen leaving Lambeau Field after the championship put it best: "Fans fool enough to sit through a football game in 13-below weather deserve the title."

As for the Green Bay players, they

were maintaining a stiff upper lip. Defensive Tackle Henry Jordan said after the game, "The only time I noticed the cold was when I had to stand around and wait for the TV commercials to end."

#### TOUCHÉ

A notice in the lobby of the Chicago Athletic Club reads: JOIN OUR FENCING TEAM—WE NEED SOME NEW BLOOD.

#### GOLF TIP

John Mulgrew, an assistant pro at the Wishaw golf club in Lanarkshire, Scotland, has been trying to teach a group of 3-year-olds the game. In the process, he has had to develop some rather imaginative descriptions to get across the proper technique. Consider his instructions for a bunker shot: "Pretend the ball is a little man. Now let's cut his legs off with the clubhead."

#### ALL WET

Linda McGill, the brassy Australian who wanted to make history by swimming the English Channel mud but settled instead for setting the women's speed record, was recently made a Member of the British Empire. A few days afterward "Lady" McGill, as she is now dubbed, easily defeated six men in a race in Australia—so easily, in fact, she took time out near the finish to change into a "more glamorous" swimsuit. Gulping a beer as she collected the \$1,120 prize, the 38-26-36 blonde said, "It touches your heart to be able to do something like this after the Queen has held you in such high regard."

#### THE LIVE ONE

The heavyweight championship muddle precipitated by Muhammad Ali's refusal to accept induction into the armed forces, followed by the unilateral decision of the self-styled World Boxing Association to run a tournament to choose his successor, was acceptable enough if one conceded the proposition that boxing is historically, and perhaps inevitably, committed to misrule and confusion. But now it has turned to anarchy.

Madison Square Garden, promoting its first boxing card in its new sports market atop Pennsylvania Station, has designed a March doubleheader: Emile Griffith vs. Nino Benvenuti in their third go-round for the middleweight title, and Joe Frazier, who has stood aloof from the WBA series on the sound the-

ory that sooner or later the WBA winner will have to deal with his independent self, and Buster Mathis, who is unranked by either the authoritative *Ring* magazine, or the WBA.

Presented honestly, the card would be quite a good one, but the Garden, dreaming of a \$100 top for true nagside seats and a fashionable audience in stiff shirts (or white turtlenecks) and evening gowns, got nervous. It felt it had to justify the price, and so it came up with something as spurious as a Going-Out-of-Business sale. It persuaded Eddbe (Death) Dooley, famed old Dartmouth quarterback in the days of the drop kick, currently New York State boxing commissioner, and a rube in the world of prizefighting, to declare the Frazier-Mathis bout a contest for the world heavyweight championship. The ludicrously naive Dooley, who kept referring to Buster as "Buddy" in making the announcement, obediently went along with this silly gag, one calculated to make any boxing fan gag in earnest.

#### HEAVENLY

The Minnesota North Stars of the National Hockey League have a minor league farm team called the Memphis South Stars.

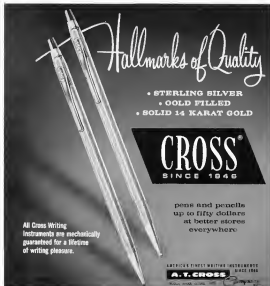
#### THEY SAID IT

• Tom Kuchel, U.S. Senator from California, on O. J. Simpson: "It might be said that he exhibits a rare facility for observing and threading the interstices of the opponents' defensive line, employing every artifice and demonstrating superlative equilibrium at the approach, rendering himself compact and thoroughly elusive at the moment of passage into the secondary, and then accelerating in his chosen direction with such a burst of velocity and seeming abandon at the faintest indication of an unobstructed field that the antagonist is left, as it were, without recourse."

• Norm Stewart, Missouri basketball coach, on the experimental use of three officials in a game: "It's just one more referee to yell at."

• Debbie Meyer, 15-year-old California swimmer who set four world records last summer and was recently named Russia's Sports Woman of the Year, when asked what was the happiest day of her life: "I can't pick one. But I can tell you the saddest day—when we moved away from Haddonfield."

END



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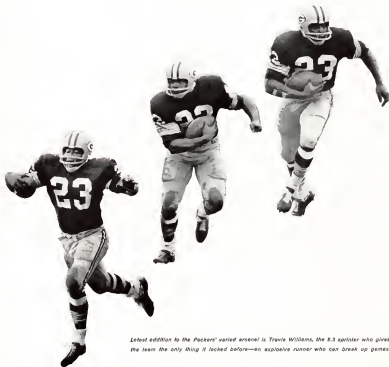
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# A ROMP FOR THE PACK

*Match the two Super Bowl teams any way you like and it will always come out the same. Wise and experienced Green Bay has too much of everything for the game but imperfect Oakland Raiders* **by TEX MAULE**



*Latest edition to the Packers' varied arsenal is Trevie Williams, the 8.3 splinter who gives the team the only thing it lacked before—an explosive runner who can break up games.*



It would be pleasant to think that the Oakland Raiders, a team that made a shambles of the American Football League, are as good as the people in the AFL believe. Were they, then the Green Bay Packers would be in for a difficult time on January 14, in the warm confines of the Orange Bowl in Miami.

As it is, the Packers already have beaten the two toughest teams they will face on their way to the world championship. They destroyed the Los Angeles Rams in Milwaukee and beat the Dallas Cowboys with icy skill in Green Bay, and both are much better teams than Oakland has shown itself to be. The Packers, to put it bluntly, are capable of beating Oakland's Raiders by four touchdowns, if not by more.

Last year, facing an AFL team for the first time ever, Green Bay probed

Kansas City cautiously for a quarter and a half, trying to determine the nature of the beast. Having made the diagnosis, they dominated the Chiefs with almost contemptuous ease for the rest of the day on the way to their comfortable 35-10 victory.

"We have nothing to compare them with," Coach Vince Lombardi said before that game. "In watching the movies of their games with other teams in the AFL, we are unable to judge what they are doing, since we have never faced an AFL team. It will take us a while to become acclimatized."

When the Packers finished testing the wind and the weather, they found it balmy. Against the Raiders, with the experience they gained against Kansas City, Green Bay will not spend so much time assaying the opposition. The tests may take two offensive and two defensive series, then the validity of the Green Bay judgments—or the necessity of adjustments in those judgments—will have been established and the game should turn decisively for the Packers.

It could first turn on, of all things, the Green Bay running attack. The Packers are no longer the power-oriented, ball-control club they were in the days of Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung, but this Sunday, on a field more conducive to running than the frozen turf of Green Bay, they could become explosive. While Starr still likes to snap his backs into the line for the hard yards that earn first downs, he has at hand—in Donny Anderson and rookie Travis Williams—a pair of backs who can turn the short yards into long touchdowns. Williams, a 9.3 sprinter who weighs 215 pounds, may be the next great running back in pro football. Even now he is so dangerous on kickoff returns that most teams prefer squib kicks, a maneuver that often gives the Packers excellent field position and a good launching pad for a touchdown drive. And Lombardi has not one but three fullbacks: Chuck Mercen, who has performed nobly since joining the club from the New York and Washington cab squads; Ben Wilson, the former Ram who has speeded up since slimming down from 240 to 225 pounds; and second-year man Jim Grabowski, the best of the three, gifted with tremendous early acceleration, fine speed and elusive moves. Grabowski, unfortunately, probably will not play.

It is difficult to judge the match-ups involved in the Super Bowl game simply because the two teams have

continued

## DEFENSE: THE ONLY WAY THE RAIDERS MIGHT WIN

Watching the films of the NFL Championship game, the Oakland Raiders must have been encouraged by the sight of Bart Starr being tackled for losses eight times by the Dallas pass rush. Rushing the passer is Oakland's specialty. While winning their first AFL Championship this season, the Raiders trapped opposing quarterbacks behind the line a phenomenal 69 times in 14 games. If the Raiders have any chance at all of beating the Green Bay Packers in the Super Bowl—and hardly anyone east of General Partner Al Davis' desk thinks they do—it must rest with the pass rush. By putting extreme pressure on Starr and forcing him to make mistakes, the Raiders could get into position for George Blanda, the AFL's top scorer,

to kick enough field goals to win.

The Oakland front four—the Lassiter, Dan Birdwell, Tom Keating and Ben Davidson—is a tough, well-coordinated unit that likes to play stunts with odd charges. Defensive Line Coach Tom Dahms, who was once on the staff of the Dallas Cowboys, rates his foursome among the best in either league. Of the group, the quickest is Keating. At 247 pounds he is not a big defensive tackle, but he is as big as Alex Karras of Detroit, for example, and he is extremely aggressive on the field. Keating is the one most likely to cause trouble for Starr, but the one most noticeable from the stands probably will be Davidson, a good pass rusher who drew quite a bit of attention to himself this year by the

charge he put on against Joe Namath.

The Raiders are not noted as a blitzing team. Their linebackers are fast and adept at pass coverage, and their secondary is the stickiest in the AFL at man-for-man defense. Lance Alworth of San Diego says, "Running a pass route against them is like trying to claw through a thicket." That kind of field behind them gives the front four an extra second or two for the rush. However, it will be no surprise this Sunday if the Raiders use more blitzes than usual against Starr. By blitzing, the Raiders would expose themselves to sudden disaster, but it is not reasonable to expect them to stop the Green Bay offense consistently, and some expeditious gambling could pay off. As proud as

not played the same caliber of opposition. Even the most rabid AFL fan would be hard put to contend that the overall excellence of teams the Raiders beat in achieving their first AFL title matches that of the teams Green Bay met in winning a third straight NFL championship. Ben Davidson, the mustachioed bravo who plays defensive right end for the Raiders, is 6' 7" and he weighs 265 pounds, but no one has ever put him in the same class with Los Angeles' Deacon Jones, who was second only to John Unstut in the balloting for the Most Valuable Player in the NFL in 1967. The Packers all but annihilated Jones in the division playoff. Davidson, incidentally, was with Green Bay in his rookie year, before he was cut. He was—and is—an impressive physical specimen. He became a friend of the Bart Starrs and once, coming to the Starr household to return a baby pen he had borrowed, he gave the Starr dog a fit of screaming meemies.

"He was a very nice man," says Cherry, Starr's wife. "We all liked him. But his wife had knit him a big shaggy sweater and he was wearing it when he came in. Our dog is a good watchdog and a brave dog, too, but she took one look

at Ben and ran howling under the bed."

It is doubtful that Davidson will have this effect on Bob Skoronski, the Green Bay left tackle whose assignment it will be to block him.

Henry Jordan, the balding, humorous man who plays defensive right tackle for the Packers, will see a vaguely familiar face across the line when he faces Gene Upshaw, left guard for the Raiders. Upshaw is regarded as one of the keys to the good Raider offense. He met Jordan in Chicago in the College All-Star game that began this long season. He did not do well. Jordan, with 11 years of experience behind him, figures to have as good a day in Miami as he had in Chicago. Upshaw has a year of pro play behind him now, but a year to prepare for the likes of Jordan is hardly enough.

"He taught me a lot," Upshaw said after the All-Star game. "I'm a better guard for what I learned." The lesson should continue in the Orange Bowl.

If you want to pursue the matter of individual match-ups, how about these? Willie Davis (10 years in the NFL and all-pro) vs. Harry Schuh (three years in the AFL); Lionel Aldridge (five years a starter for Green Bay) vs. Bob Svihus

(three years in the AFL). On defense for the Raiders, Dan Birdwell, in his sixth season and never an All-Pro, faces Jerry Kramer, who has been an All-Pro in most of his 10 NFL seasons. The Lassiter, one of the best of the Raider defensive linemen, meets Forrest Gregg, the man who dominated the Rams' Jones. Lassiter is as big as Jones, but not as fast. Tom Keating, the other star of the Raider defensive line, is the only player who will have an edge on his adversary in experience. He is matched with young Gale Gillingham, a second-year guard who beat out Fuzz Thurston for the position this season. Thurston still can play guard for almost any pro team.

So, in the lines, which nearly always decide a game, the Packers enjoy a clear and decisive margin. But if the line play should result in a standoff, what then?

No team in football can match the Packer linebackers. Ray Nitschke, a 6' 3", 235-pound veteran of 10 years, was easily the best middle linebacker in football in 1967, although most All-Pro selections, amazingly, ignored him. He is a damaging tackler, quick enough to drop back and defend against a pass and a play diagnostician of the first order. Dave Robinson and Lee Roy Caffey

Oakland is of its secondary, the fact remains that in one game this season Alworth caught 10 passes for 213 yards, and in another Don Maynard of the Jets caught 12 for 180.

In the championship game against Houston, the AFL's leading rushing team, the Raiders held the Oilers to 38 yards on the ground. They must play at least that well against the Packers, and many of the Raiders think they will. "King Kong and 10 gorillas couldn't have beaten us today," Lassiter said after Oakland smashed Houston 40-7. "We'll play better against the Packers. I've watched them. We can beat them."

Those are brave words, delivered predictably by a member of the Raiders' brave defense. If Lassiter and Davidson, Keating and Birdwell can grab a few fumbles and force some interceptions, Oakland's bravado could end as bravura.

—EDWIN SHRAKE



Ben Davidson and Dan Birdwell, half of Oakland's big front four, reflect team's confidence.

are big, fast and All-Pro caliber as corner linebackers.

"Green Bay's defense is built on its linebackers," Tom Landry, the Dallas head coach, said before the championship game in Green Bay. "It should be. They may be the best set of linebackers ever to play football."

Behind them is perhaps the best secondary in football. Herb Adderley and Bob Jeter at the corners and Tom Brown and Willie Wood at safety have worked together for a long time and have superb individual skills, against both the run and the pass.

The Raiders probably will run for short yardage on this formidable defense. They have strong runners in Hewitt Dixon and Pete Banaszak and, for that matter, in Darryl Lamonica. The Green Bays do not concentrate on stopping the run; they consider it more important to take away the pass. "They bend with you on the run for a while," Landry says. "You get the short gains because they are trying to blow in there on the passer. They shut off the run when you get down close."

Dave Hanner, who coaches the Green Bay defensive line, has it figured out. "Jordan has to go in there all out," he

says. "He's got to get off on the ball and roll. So does Willie Davis. If they stop and read and get cautious, it hurts. What if Henry gets trapped now and then? So they gain five, six yards. They aren't going all the way. We get more when Henry or Willie gets to the passer than we lose if they are trapped. It's a good gamble."

No team—certainly not Oakland—figures to whip the Packers with a running game. If a runner does penetrate the line, he faces those big, mobile linebackers and, if he should escape them, he still must evade the fast, sure tacklers in the secondary.

Lamonica, who came from Buffalo to lift the Raiders to their first championship, is certainly a good passer. He has thrown for 32 touchdowns and was selected as the Most Valuable Player in the AFL. But, with only one year's real experience, he is still far behind Bart Starr, who has been a super quarterback for eight seasons. Starr has been in nine championship or playoff games and nobody in pro football has ever had a better record in big games.

The comparisons become embarrassing, finally. Carroll Dale and Boyd Dowler (17 years between them in the NFL)

meet Kent McCloughan and Willie Brown, the Raider corner backs who together muster a meager eight years in the AFL. Adderley and Jeter, with a total of eight years covering the likes of Bob Hayes, Dave Parks, Charley Taylor, Bernie Casey, Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr, must tend goal on Bill Miller (five undistinguished seasons in the AFL) and Fred Biletnikoff (in his third season). The Raider tight end, Billy Cannon, is a fine football player, but he spent most of his time as a running back before being converted into a tight end.

Well, accept all this. The Packers have the edge in size, experience and performance. The Raiders are still a fine young football team and they played strong games against the clubs they had to beat. However, the New York Jets, with Joe Namath (still a far, far cry from a Bart Starr) passed them silly and even beat them once, but maybe that game was an accident. Against the Packers, they conceivably might produce a super effort and, with smoke pouring from their damp ears, win the game on sheer and super desire.

Against the Packers?  
Vincent Lombardi, as everybody knows, invented desire.

END

# OLD HARVARD EARNS A BLUENOSE

*College basketball's last tournament of the holiday season warms up chilly Nova Scotia, where the winds howl in from the Arctic and snowshoes are more appropriate than low-cut sneakers*

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Nova Scotia is a far away, alabaster land where everybody says it isn't snowing that much as you peel the top layer of crust from your eyelids and hire a bulldozer to resurrect your car from the drifts, and where the man on the radio announces that the weather tomorrow will "taper off" to snow flurries. Water nearly surrounds the Nova Scotia peninsula, and in winter the winds roar and the snows blow in from the frigid north, battering and blanketing the capital city, Halifax, and numbing one's awareness of the significant role the area has played in history.

Halifax was called "The Warden of the Honour of the North" in the 1890s by Rudyard Kipling, in tribute to its military guardianship of the continent. The city has been involved in nearly every major war of the last 200 years and, though Kipling missed a couple of battles and Halifax has passed up one conflict, the oversight in no way diminishes the historical standing of the com-

munity. Halifax was the first English-speaking city in Canada, had the first Protestant church in the provinces and the first dissenting church, led by Cotton Mather, the first printing press, the first dockyard, the first skating rink and the first free school system.

And it was here last week that a visitor, peering out the windshield through a blizzard along a lonely highway, heard a broadcast of the Canadian-Russian hockey game on every station of the car radio save one. That dissenter, scoring tradition, had Johnny Cash and The Carter Family direct from Nashville doing *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?*

After the new year's first snowstorm in Halifax last week, the rains came, then the snows again and then calm. This was fortunate, for it permitted all the planes to land and the trains to arrive and the cars and buses, too, so everyone could see the *Bluenose* Classic, tournament basketball's last fearless stand-

of the holiday season. The first thing to know about the *Bluenose* Classic is that, though Nova Scotian faces do appear to take on a sapphire tinge as the cold sea breezes gather momentum, the name of the tournament does not derive from the color of the citizens' wintertime noses. Instead, it takes its title from Canada's most famous sailing vessel, the *Bluenose*, Angus Walters, captain, which came out of Lunenburg, N.S. in 1921 and, in the words of its press agent, "carved an unprecedented niche in the maritime lore of the nation." The *Bluenose* was a racing schooner of imposing size and beauty which, with Captain Walters at the helm, commanded the seas for 18 years, never losing a race for the International Fishermen's Trophy. A likeness of the *Bluenose* is on the Canadian 10¢ piece and on the country's 50¢ postage stamp, so it was practically an act of treason when she was sold to traders and had to end her days as a lowly freighter among the islands of the West Indies.

The *Bluenose* lives on, however, in the name of the basketball tournament, which, though lacking in skills and stature, is filled with excitement and surprises when four teams come by dog-sled and snowshoes to play at St. Patrick's gymnasium in midtown Halifax. St. Patrick's answers the question "Where did all the half-moon backboards go?" and this is just one of the problems that tournament directors are trying to solve for the future.

The *Bluenose* was started in 1959 by Claude MacLachlan, a 6'4" Canadian, and Stu Aberdeen, a 5'6" American, who met at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S. Both were addicted to basketball, and one day they decided to invite two Canadian teams and two American teams to a tournament. They came up one team short the first time but have filled the field every year since, lining



Winner of the *Bluenose* MVP award, Chris Gallagher gets pelted by his Harvard teammates.



such schools as Vermont, New Hampshire, Williams and Brandeis to play against local teams.

Aberdeen left his coaching job at Acadia two years ago and is now an assistant at Tennessee, but MacLachlan still runs the show. Claude played "centre" for Acadia during the mid-1950s and was a member of a Canadian AAU team until last season.

MacLachlan not only loves basketball, but also hates hockey, which helps strengthen his desire to make the Bluenose a success even if it hardly endears him to fellow Canadians. "I get quite hyper when people tell me how great hockey is," he says. "Hockey requires very little thought and intelligence. You can't bring those hockey people with their fifth-grade educations to a basketball game and expect them to understand it. It is too deep and complicated."

The snow and the half-moons aside, running the Bluenose can be a harrowing job. Rothmans Cigarettes wanted to send over one of their little honeys to play cigarette girl at the tournament but MacLachlan pointed out that the school board doesn't allow smoking in the gym. Then the Bluenose programs came back from the printers with a page upside down and had to be returned for another try. MacLachlan and the other directors thought they had everything working well until the tape-recorder boys, snipping away at the music to eliminate a long silence between the U.S. national anthem and *O Canada*, chopped out the tournament theme song entirely. The theme song is entitled *The Bluenose It Sailing Once Again*.

MacLachlan has yet to manage what he feels would be his biggest coup. He would love to hold the Bluenose press reception belowdecks of the *Bluenose II*, a replica of the original ship that was built in 1963 by Oland's Brewery. Unfortunately, the *Bluenose II* is never around at tournament time. Businesses and pleasure groups charter the ship at \$3,000 a week for cruises and treasure hunts to such distant locales as Coos Island in the Pacific. Last week *Bluenose II* was sailing off the shores of Antigua, 1,600 miles away from Halifax, as the tape recorder blasted out a hacked-up version of the theme song in St. Patrick's gym.

This year's tournament featured two home-town teams, Dalhousie and St. Mary's of the Maritime Intercollegiate



Dalhousie cheerleader offers her team last-minute inspiration as rivals come on court.

Conference, McGill from Montreal and Harvard from the United States. Canadian basketball often is agonizing to watch. But, though McGill and St. Mary's were inept at times, the Tigers of Dalhousie gave a good account of themselves. Harvard, a weak by team, won the championship but had a hard time getting by Dalhousie in the opening game. Unlike St. Mary's, which has four starters from New Jersey, the Dals are all Canadian and are a well-disciplined team which gets excellent coaching from Al Yarr. Two of Dalhousie's big men were killed in an automobile accident last month, but the Canadian team, scoring with one-hand push shots, stayed with Harvard until the last few minutes before losing 83-75. In the final Harvard played better, crush-

ing a no-defense St. Mary's team 92-65.

Dalhousie and St. Mary's took their defeats with equanimity, matching the composure of the crowd, which, throughout the tournament, seemed uninformed and confused. There were extended stretches of silence, only the echo of the bouncing ball reverberating off the walls. One would have thought the seats were filled with Newfoundlanders, those isolated islanders whose alleged ignorance is exaggerated by all of their Maritime neighbors.

"The Newfoundlanders are way, way up there and so much out of it," said one man from Halifax. "Why, just the other day a man from Newfoundland was asked to go ice fishing. He said yes, and so he came back with 150 pounds of ice." **END**

*A decade ago the dominant indoor runner was a Dublin Irishman named Ron Delany. He won 34 straight board miles and outdoors had other triumphs, including the Olympic 1,500 meters. Here, in the first of a three-part series, he begins his own story of those great days*

**BY RON DELANY**



## **THE RUNNING OF THE GREEN**

Winter means something different to everyone. Now that I have given up running round in circles, winter holds a very special significance for me. I retired from athletics some years ago, 1962 to be exact, and retired to Ireland in a different sense even before then, in 1960. I came home that year to my first love, Dublin, to settle down. I lived at home for a while, then did my bit to run the late marrying trend in the country by getting wed at the early age of 27 years. I have my own home, a loving and patient wife and three potential Olympians of my own.

But back to winter. When I was living in America, winter meant the indoor season, a round of races spread from New York to Boston, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago, from January through March. Winter's Fridays or Saturdays from 1955 to 1959 were no ordinary days. I donned the Villanova singlet and stepped out on a board track to race for college and country against the cream of the world's athletes. Tension, excitement, thrills were there in plenty—and they are still with me, every bit as alive today. Almost with my first breath of cold January air my mind flashes back through the years and I can smell the wooden chips off the board tracks of many an arena. Without closing my eyes I'm back in Madison Square Garden and I can hear the crowd. Mixed emotions. Some cigar-chewing, beer-drinking fanatic perched up near the rafters screams down at me, "Dehny, you bum, when are you goin' to run?" or the tumultuous cheers of that same crowd after I had for once "run" and perhaps set a new world indoor mark for the mile.

But it all began long before—September 23, 1954, and I was at Shannon Airport ready to board a Pan American flight to the States to avail myself of an athletic scholarship at Villanova University. I was emotionally drained and upset at leaving my mother and father. I kissed them goodbye and for all I knew would never see them again. And I was leaving, too, my beloved Ireland.

Things had happened so fast. A few letters to Villanova. A cable telling me I was accepted as a scholarship student from Coach Jumbo Elliott. The mad hustle to secure my airline ticket and

visa, a new suit of clothes—and where was Villanova? I didn't even know. Would anyone meet me?

In New York I was one of the last off the aircraft, and as I stepped out into the sweltering September heat I was almost overcome by the belt of warm, humid air. My tweed suit and woolen underwear, coupled with the load of hand pieces I had to haul, made me soon wonder if I had stepped into another country or a Turkish bath. I still did not know where Villanova was. I asked a few people but no one seemed to know.

Just then I saw a handsome young man on the other side of a rampart, wearing a large blue sweater with a big white V on it. For the first time, and without realizing it, I uttered the college cheer, "V for Villanova," and gathering my bits and pieces made straight over to him with the most relieved smile of my life lighting my face. He was Jim Moran, captain of the Villanova track team, and he had come up to New York to collect me. And I might add, thanks be to God, for if I were left on my own I would probably never have found the place and might have ended up in Manhattan College.

We still had to journey into New York City, take a train to Philadelphia and from there the P & W out the Main Line to Villanova. Jim must have realized how tired I was, for all the while he avoided my questions about how far it was to the college. "Another few minutes," he kept reassuring me. I fell asleep for the whole journey from New York to Philadelphia, but by then my excitement at the prospect of seeing the Villanova campus carried me on the last stage to my new home.

And I was not disappointed. My first impression of the university was one of amazement at the size of the place—so many different buildings, all of which I was soon to know—and at the beauty of the campus. Rolling green hills, over which I was to jog many a mile, stretched as far as my eye could see. I was delighted. I felt I was going to be happy in America.

Perhaps the most welcome sight after all my journeying was a wire-spring bed in Jim Moran's room. I lay myself down to sleep, and sleep I did. I have it on

good report I slept well over 24 hours straight. In fact, while asleep, without knowing it, I was achieving some notoriety. The track team and Coach Elliott began to wonder what sort of athlete they had got themselves. "Hell, is this Irishman going to sleep all day, every day?"

Much to their surprise, I eventually got up, and then began the process of meeting a myriad of new faces, some of whom would be my closest friends for the next five years. Al Ligorelli, Johnny Kopil, George Browne, Charlie Jenkins, Bill Rock, Alex Breckenridge, to name but a few, met me and welcomed me to Villanova. Everyone was so friendly I could hardly believe it. And everything about America was so new to me I had not a moment to be homesick. The cars, such colors, size and style; no longer pictures in a magazine but roaring by me down Lancaster Avenue. The first time I walked across the campus, everywhere I looked I saw squirrels scampering beneath the trees or brazenly seeking tidbits from the passersby. I had never seen a squirrel before.

The food was strange at first, but such quantity. The snazzy clothes the students wore—my old tweed suit, I'm sure, looked a little out of place. White bucks and chinos—soon I'd be sporting them myself. Hot dogs and hoagies and 29 flavors of ice cream. The New World was more exciting than I ever dreamed.

Within a few days I had duly registered in the School of Commerce and Finance, got myself a room in Mendel Hall, and began to attend lectures. I was delighted to find that my fellow students had a sense of humor, though perhaps a tendency to disrespect authority. Before the official class registers came out we had to sign a roll sheet at each lecture. Without fail some jokers would sign bogus names, such as Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley or Martin Luther. When the professor read out the roll it never failed to get a laugh. However, I did not notice him smiling. He'd obviously gone through the routine before.

Coach Elliott impressed on me the need to buy the books during my first few weeks at Villanova. This was one of the many fine pieces of advice he was to give me while I was under his direction. He seemed more concerned that I should

continued

study than train. He asked me to report to the track only three days a week.

I did not realize how astute a judge of an athlete Jumbo was the first time I worked out under his care. After seeing me run a few laps he took me aside and gave me some critical advice on my arm action ("too jerky"), head ("rolls too much") and shoulders ("too stooped"). Listening to him I began to wonder how I had managed to run at all up to then with all my deformities. Naturally I was enraged, but I kept my mouth shut. Yet somewhere in between all the criticism Jumbo said, "You'll make a miler." I was skeptical, for I had never run a mile in my life. Little did I realize that with Jumbo's care and guidance I would become a miler and an Olympic 1,500-meter champion at that.

At first I took no part in the social life at the college. Basically, I was a very shy person. I was easily embarrassed, particularly in the company of girls. There were not many girls in the college, though we had a nursing school—and most of the lads described coeds as dogs. Pretty girls were at a premium and were quickly snapped up by the men about campus. Still, any of the girls I met seemed friendly, though very sophisticated, too much so for the tastes of a simple Irish lad. I remember being introduced to a girl one day as I crossed Mendel Field. When she learned I was from Ireland she said, "Please say something." I think she expected me to sound like Barry Fitzgerald. Later I came to realize that people liked my Irish brogue even if they complained they could not understand me. Remarks such as, "Hey, Mack, take the potatoes out of your mouth so I can understand you," at first offended me, but then I learned that this sort of ribbing was intended as friendly. Coach Elliott rightly pointed out to me that if people didn't like you they would say nothing to you at all. Before long I was answering back the remarks with a repartee of my own sometimes with interest, I might add.

It did not take me too long to realize the almighty power of the dollar. Jim Moran took me caddying one day to the Radnor Valley Country Club. I got out, and after carrying two giant bags for 18 holes I was paid \$5 and given a dollar tip by the golfers, certainly not for giving them the right clubs. Never having played golf before, or ever caddied, I was as likely to produce the putt-



ROW WIFE JOAN, RONNIE, JENNIFER AND LISA STROLL IN ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN

er on the tee and the driver on the green. But \$6—I was rich. Every day that I didn't have to train, and on weekends, too, I hared off to Radnor or the Overbrook Golf Club and caddied for some unfortunate golfers. I enjoyed the exercise, the fresh air and the money.

Hurricane Hazel became another source of income. I spent many weeks cutting up fallen trees for local people—at a dollar an hour. I also branched out into the baby-sitting business at 50¢ an hour. And painting, household repairs, car waxing, gardening—you name it, I did it. I was becoming a regular tycoon.

One night I was working at the field house as a parking attendant. There was a big affair going on, and all sorts of dignitaries were arriving. A sleek black giant of a Cadillac drove up to the steps of the field house and this tall, distinguished-looking gentleman stepped out and announced himself to me as "Far-

ley, New York." Taking his outstretched hand I replied, "De'any, Dublin, Ireland." We engaged in a short, friendly chat. You can imagine my amazement when I learned afterward that I had been talking to the ex-Postmaster General of the United States, the Honorable James A. Farley.

In November, approximately two months after my arrival in the U.S., I traveled to New York for my first race in the Villanova colors. Jumbo Elliott entered me in the freshman three-mile cross-country race for the Intercollegiate AAAA Championships, held in Van Cortlandt Park. It was a big occasion for me and I was anxious to do well. I had never run a cross-country race in my life. Van Cortlandt Park's terrain was as dry and as hard as a bone on that particular November day. It was a far cry from the green, green grass of home. And cross-country, my eye! The

course ran across the hard-packed plains of the park, along bridle paths, up the sides of rocky hills, across public roads, in and out between the trees, where one false step meant an abrupt fall, and eventually back on the plains again for a long run into the finishing tape. At the start we were stretched out in a great line across the park, and then the starter raised his arm and fired the gun. Displaying more heart than pace sense, I stayed up with the leaders in the early stages and was soon caught up in the exhilaration of it all. I felt as though I were participating on foot in the Charge of the Light Brigade.

But my fancy thoughts were unceremoniously knocked out of me as we reached the first turn. In the "squeeze in" for position I tasted for the first time the sharp elbows of my American opponents. And educated elbows they had, too. After receiving two or three strategic belts in the ribs, I realized this was war. I was facing the most competitive nation in the world... a factor that would provide me with thrilling competition in many a race for the next five years, indoors and out.

Realizing immediately my shortcomings in the adept art of infighting, I resolved to keep out of arms' reach for the remainder of the course. After covering a mile and a half of the three-mile course, I found myself in the lead. I ran on happily, opening a wide gap between myself and the trailing pack. My biggest problem at this stage was to keep on the right course. There were all sorts of arrows to follow, on the sides of trees and painted on the ground. Madly waving officials were there at every cross point to ensure you took the right turn. With their help and my 20-20 vision I found my way home to the finishing line, a 75-yard victor over Michael Midler of Cornell. I had made a promising start to my racing career in America. I only hoped and prayed I would have the ability to keep it up.

Returning to Villanova, I successfully completed midterm exams... not brilliantly mind you, but sufficiently to augur well for the future. Accounting and English literature were giving me some trouble. Our English professor was a rather sophisticated type and we met head on once or twice. He severely criticized me publicly one day, much to the amusement of my classmates, for borrowing Longfellow's words, "foot-

prints on the sands of time," and using them in an essay assignment. I rose, as would any friend of Longfellow's, to defend the value of his metaphor. The professor was not impressed and accused me of having kissed the Blarney stone. But I never had!

In early December I got my first glimpse of an indoor running track, though outdoors. The board track had been laid out in the Villanova Stadium. It was a strange-looking thing with steeply banked corners and short straightaways, 12 laps to the mile. If it was odd to look at, I was to find it even more peculiar to run on at first.

The first time I tried to negotiate a turn at speed I went right up on the bank to the outside board. But with expert coaching and the advice of my friend and teammate, Charlie Jenkins, I was soon negotiating the turns like a veteran. Jumbo called me a natural and assured me I would have no problems adjusting my stride to the tighter board circuit.

The whole atmosphere toward training had now changed. With the opening of the indoor season looming up in early January, there was a seriousness about the workouts. We trained every day and trained hard. Jumbo's rallying call was no longer "hit the books" but "hit the track." And thus we did, varsity and freshmen. Dedication and determination were evident in the approach of each athlete—the type of approach that had made America the greatest power in the world in track and was to make the comparatively small Villanova squad the greatest college track team in America for the next five years. Intercollegiate championships, indoors and out, National Collegiate championships, world records, Olympic titles were the prizes at stake. There was no room for shirking, no easy way to the top.

I was caught up in this atmosphere. It was something completely new to me. My blood was fired with a new enthusiasm. I relished the exhausting workouts—the harder the better. I was not alone. I was one of many young men reaching for the sky. The outdoor elements, rain or snow, did not deter us. There was a job to be done and we were about to do it well. Jumbo impressed on us the value of our efforts, of each monotonous mile pounded out on the creaking board track in the Villanova Stadium. "Money in the bank"

was how he described it, an investment in our running futures. "Train hard and the races will take care of themselves" was the motto he gave us. None of us stopped to question him, and for the first time in my life I knew what it felt to be part of a team. I was still an Irishman, and would always be, but gradually I was becoming a Villanovan. In future I would race with a double purpose, for the honor of Ireland and for Villanova. I already felt I belonged in the dynamic world of American track and field. I was determined to make a worthwhile contribution.

That December began what was to be a lasting friendship with Charlie Jenkins, Villanova's Olympic 400-meter champion at Melbourne. Despite my outwardly friendly disposition I did not make friends easily, and never have to this day. Perhaps it was the individual nature of athletics, the amount of dedication required, the tension that was constantly there, if mostly beneath the surface—but I had always been somewhat of a loner. The self-discipline one imposed on oneself did not exactly make one the life and soul of a party. It was impossible to share your feelings with someone who did not understand the very nature of your sport. Friendship, too, probably required an amount of giving, and this I was not prepared to do. All the giving I was prepared to make was concentrated in the one area—toward making me a champion.

My friendship with Charlie was different. Our objectives were the same, and we were driven on by the same ambition. We worked together in training, pushing each other to the limits of our endurance. We helped each other in time trials and by critical advice. We were of the same mold. The similarity of our makeup and our closeness on the track led to a truly great friendship that I will treasure for the rest of my life. We began to share our personal problems and ideas with each other off the track, too. Religion and girl friends became our two favorite topics for conversation. Later on, when the competitive season started, on pre-race days we took long walks out along the country roads near Villanova and plotted the tactics for the downfall of an opponent. Charlie was an articulate public speaker and we shared many a top dais at Communion breakfasts, sports banquets and other functions. Here, too, we competed

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COACH JUMBO ELLIOTT TAUGHT INDOOR TRACK METHODS ON OUTDOOR BOARD TRACK

against each other—with witticisms and funny stories, our prize not so much the applause of the audience but one-upmanship on each other.

While my approach to athletics changed that first December in Villanova, life had not suddenly become all serious. There was still room for many a lighter moment. All was not dull or dedication. The Christmas vacation came around and I decided to stay on campus with another foreigner, Alex Breckenridge from Glasgow, Scotland, for company. Alex was a two-miler and eventually was to represent the U.S. in the marathon at the Rome Olympics. Mr. Elliott employed us for the holiday in the company he worked for then, Franz Equipment Co. Ltd., in what capacity I do not know to this day. I think we were the funniest thing to happen along for the workers in Franz Equipment for many a year. The first morning we reported for duty we were shown out to the plant, where we met a foreman called Sam. It was obvious from the start that Sam and the boys were out to have some fun at our expense. They were openly amused by our accents, Breckenridge's burr and my brogue. The first job we were given to do involved measuring yards and yards of steel cable. Sam gave us a ruler about three feet long and told us to get on with the job. We must have made quite a sight, rolling out hundreds of yards of

steel cable and proceeding to measure the lot with a ridiculous three-foot ruler. To add to our troubles we were working out of doors, and I had never experienced such cold weather in all my life.

After two or three days we realized the futility of it all, so we devised a formula for measuring the length of the cables without even having to unravel them. I hope to this day that no crane mechanic ever used our measured cables in his work without checking the length first. I shudder to think what the consequences could have been. Still, we survived the elements and were paid a salary for our efforts at the end of it all. After taxes we took home about \$75 each, more money than I had ever had in my life. We had a happy Christmas.

Shortly after Christmas the track team members returned to Villanova, cutting short their vacations, to complete preparations for our first indoor meet, the Knights of Columbus Games in Boston. Coach Elliott informed me I was entered in the Bishop Cheverus Memorial 1,000-Yard Run. I had never raced at the distance before, but this did not worry me unduly. My main worry was that I had never raced on the boards before. Sure, I was doing well in training and had just completed a confidence-building half-mile time trial on the Villanova boards. But training and racing were two different things.

Saturday, January 15, crept up on me

and I found myself in the lobby of the Manger Hotel, Boston, on the day of my indoor debut. The nervous tension associated with competing was beginning to build up. I was trying to control it and to remain as complacent as possible under the circumstances. Outwardly I probably appeared calm but inside me a volcano of nervous energy was slowly turning over. One moment I was full of doubts—doubting my own ability, my fitness and my purpose. Then I would reassure myself that I was capable of beating my opponents, analyzing and comparing their past performances with my own.

It was midafternoon and I had not yet seen the indoor track laid out in the Boston Garden. More precisely, I had never been inside an indoor arena in my life. Boston was Charlie Jenkins' home town and we had arranged that he would show me the Garden. We went over and Charlie gave me a right Cook's Tour, pointing out the dressing rooms, the best areas for warming up and the starting and finishing lines on the track for the 1,000-yard. The arena itself was vast and frightening, with towering seats on all sides stretching right up to the roof. But looking up at the empty seats I was conscious, too, of the intimacy of the place. I suddenly felt lonely, for I realized that every face staring down from those same seats later that evening would be unknown to me. I was a stranger and terribly alone. Returning to the hotel, I retired to my room to rest and prepare myself mentally. I resigned myself stoically to the task at hand. There was no escape now. My concentration was intense and I was determined to run to the best of my ability.

I went over to the Garden and to the Villanova dressing room without even taking a glimpse inside at the crowded arena. While changing into the Villanova colors I could hear the roar of the crowd somewhere in the background. I began to sense and feel for the first time the excitement of indoor track. Little did I realize then how big a part this new sport I was about to sample would play in my athletic career for the next five years.

I moved out into the passageways circling the arena beneath the seating and began my warmup. This took some doing. The passages were full of people moving to and fro between the hot dog stands, beer counters, conveniences,

and their seats. They were a good-humored crowd and while downing their beers and stuffing themselves with hot dogs they shouted words of encouragement to the runners trotting by. They did not seem to appreciate that the athletes were trying to warm up for their races; they stopped whomever they liked for his autograph. No one knew me, and I was not bothered at all.

One side of the arena was quieter than the other, so I began to do some fast strides along the 60 yards or so of passageway. As I was striding along at full speed, an oversize gent stepped out of a stairway straight in my path. My running career almost came to a premature end at that moment, but I managed to glance off him with no damage, save

the loss of my friend's beer, much to his disgust. I can't recall exactly what he shouted after me, but he certainly wasn't wishing me good luck.

It was time now to move inside to the arena for the race. I remember feeling reasonably calm under the circumstances as I sat down in the center of the arena to put on my spiked shoes. Looking up into the crowd I could see a sea of faces, all unfamiliar. I felt a sudden jolt as the announcer called for "all competitors in the 1,000-yard run." This was the moment I had trained for.

I stepped out on the board track to run the first indoor race of my life. As each competitor was announced he trotted forward, waved his hand in greeting to the cheer of the crowd and then went

back to the starting line. For some strange reason or other there was a separate spotlight beaming on me all the time. I had no time then to figure out why but after the race I learned that the assistant electrician in the Boston Garden was a countryman of mine, Joe Casey. He was doing his bit to put some steel into my soul for the race ahead.

The race began and it was like a nightmare. I tried to secure a good position at the first bend but a sturdy favorite of the Garden crowd, Carl Joyce, unceremoniously belted me aside as he came up on my inside. Every time I moved up alongside a runner I got the same treatment. Biff, bang, wallop—I wondered if this was boxing or track. Somehow or other I managed to get to the front, about 100 yards from the finish, with Lang Stanley and Gene Maynard, the Big Ten champion, breathing down my neck. It was the safest place to be and I edged my way to the finish, a winner in the new track record time of 2:10.2.

Exhausted but truly delighted by my success, I made my way slowly around the outside of the track catching my breath and still spotlighted by Joe Casey, this time in a green light. The crowd was giving me a great reception and I began to realize what people meant when they said Boston was a real Irish town. Jumbo came up to me, shook my hand and said well done. In the next breath he said, "Boy, have you got a lot to learn." I knew what he meant, for in winning I had never taken such a beating in all my life. I would have to learn how to take care of myself on the boards.

I learned well, for I never lost a race in the Boston Garden. And, after two losing races elsewhere that winter, I was for five years to run undefeated indoors. Those years are a mixture of memories—happy, sad, at times confusing. A winner hut subjected to the boos of the crowd, crossing swords with officials and as a result threatened with suspension for life, more roughhouse tactics on the track, integrating myself socially into the American way of life, romance, aspiring to be an actor—these were all a part of the next five years.

#### NEXT WEEK

*In the second part of his story, Ron Delany tells how he became a miler and why he was often booed by the New York crowd.*

AFTER TWO EARLY DEFEATS, DELANY WAS UNDEFEATED INDOORS FOR FIVE SEASONS







# BORA-BORA A PARADISE ON A PRECIPICE

Americans are beginning to rediscover the South Pacific—more and more of them are hurrying to Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji and New Caledonia. Many see little more than the native marketplace, the professional dance spectacles and the hotel bar. But the wise and the adventurous traveler may discover such beyond-the-beyond islands as Bora-Bora and follow such guides as Erwin Christian into the glorious ocean

by Coles Phinizy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Because they are both beautiful and bountiful, many of the small Polynesian islands that litter the South Pacific are dangerous places. At the first sight of such beguiling shores, too many men fall in love and jump ship, foolishly believing that they have found a paradise where the mangoes are never wormy and worrying is against the law.

On any of a hundred Polynesian islands noted for their largess, a man—if he is not careful—can waste away in the midst of plenty. Although an island rat can get along on the fruit of a single palm, a man who tries to do so usually finds he cannot live by coconuts alone. Even the lovely hibiscus blossom that abounds on the islands is edible—sea turtles relish it, and man can stomach it—but it is not nourishing. The man who goes to paradise to spend the rest of his days quite often finds after only a month that his senses are surfeited and starting to decay. The hibiscus and the dancing colors of the lagoon fade and are wasted on the eye. In time even the mango loses its taste, and only the worm remains. Although none of the island songs mentions it, it is a fact that paradise has a sneaky way of turning a complex man into a discontented vegetable.

To live in paradise, or even to enjoy one of the islands briefly, an outsider needs certain built-in credentials. Consider, for example, the case of 27-year-old Erwin Christian (no relation to the *Bowery* mutineer) as he stood in the Tahiti airport five years ago on a fine June day. In the last minutes before he was to board a jet and leave

paradise, perhaps forever, Christian was both sad and happy. He had spent seven weeks on Tahiti, scratching out a living and enjoying life. During work hours and off hours, he had learned the byways and folkways of the island. He had wandered through the cloudy mountains of Tahiti and, with a tank on his back, had explored the undersea scarps that surround it.

In the year before he quit ship in Tahiti, Christian had courted—or at least had flirted with—various attractive islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Although he had liked them all, he had been able to leave each behind with the cool detachment of a sailor who knows he will always find another port and another love. But somehow Tahiti caught him. It was perhaps only because Tahitians have a festive way of making departure almost impossible. Christian's farewell party, a relatively modest Tahitian affair, started in midafternoon the day before he was scheduled to leave. He spent the night wining, dining, beering, dancing, singing and saying goodbye to close friends, as well as to a great many people whom he had never seen before.

On the morning of his departure, Christian's farewell party became motorized. Somebody fetched an island passenger truck. Two dozen of the goodbye party climbed aboard and kept on drinking beer and eating and saying goodbye to Christian as they traveled with him around the island enjoying scenery they had all seen often before. At the airport bar the party kept on drinking

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From the edge of the broad Bora-Bora reef, two visiting fishermen surf cast into the abrupt deep of the sunset-gilded sea

beer and saying goodby to Christian, who by that time was the perfect image of a man happily disintegrating in the tropics. His clothes were rumpled, his brow was damp and he was brimming over with beer. In the past 20 hours so many friends and strangers had draped fragrant leis and strings of shell beads around his neck that by takeoff time his nose barely cleared the top layer and breathing came hard.

Since the other passengers were already aboard, an airline stewardess said to Christian, "You must come now. We are taking off."

As Christian gazed blearily at the stewardess over the mound of flowers and shells that were stifling him, a bit of Shakespeare's metric wisdom crossed his mind. "We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

"I am not going," Christian said.

"But you must go," the stewardess insisted. "Your bags are already on."

"Take them away," Christian replied. At this, his friends cheered. Then, still cheering, they took Christian back to his thatch house, where they continued the farewell party.

At the time Christian had a solid reputation in the hotel business and a new, well-paying and challenging job await-

ing him 7,000 miles away in Bermuda, an island that is certainly not the ugliest spot in the world. Yet, like many another fool, in a nostalgic moment he had thrown it all over to stay in Tahiti without even a change of underwear. Eventually, of course—to follow the script to its usual end—a romantic soul like Christian becomes dissatisfied with Tahiti and drifts off to some more exotic shore where he falls in love with a native girl, becomes a barefoot island character and goes slowly to pot.

Anyone caring to see Erwan Christian in his present state of decay can find him now 120 miles northwest of Tahiti on Bora-Bora, the most beautiful island of French Polynesia. True to the script, Christian did become disappointed with burgeoning Tahiti and went on to Bora-Bora because it intrigued him. On Bora-Bora he did fall in love with a charming local girl named Aie (pronounced Ah-tay). And today he has quite a reputation as a barefoot island character, although he is by no means the unwashed type who drifts onto the hotel veranda, sponging drinks from the guests and confiding as a rummy breath that he was slated to be the next president of Chase Manhattan Bank before he decided to chuck it all.

The worrisome thing is that Christian has now been in



Erwan Christian skims across the placid Bora-Bora lagoon which he has converted into a pool of pleasure—and money.

paradise for five years, but, contrary to the script, he does not seem to be going to pot, physically or mentally. Except for a slight slackness at the waist, he is solidly packed, built along the dependable lines of a percheron. Since there are days on Bora-Bora when the humidity hits 150% and it rains enough to float an ark off the mountaintop, Christian's tape recorder has expired, his seaba regulators occasionally sound as if they had the croup and some of his library books are moldy, but Christian's mind still ticks. The superficial good looks of Bora-Bora are the sort that any brainless man with healthy glands would succumb to, but it was a more special quality that attracted Christian, and thus he survives.

Although navigators long ago situated Bora-Bora by latitude and longitude, for ordinary men the island is still a nowhere place that lies in the Pacific somewhere between Christmas and Easter Islands, somewhere between yesterday and tomorrow. There is a modest flow of tourist dollars on Bora-Bora now, and the local folk have been known to pick the coconuts off the ground before the rats get at them, but the island has not yet been collectively farmed, industrialized or Hiltonized. Ironically, Erwan Christian, the onetime connoisseur of Atlantic and Pacific paradises, has been able to keep his head above water on Bora-Bora because the island itself happens to be sinking at a modest geological rate.

Bora-Bora is an almost perfect textbook example of the theory of atoll formation that was propounded by Charles Darwin a good 100 years before anyone had the proper tools and gumption to prove him right. In French Polynesia today there are many islands—Tahiti, for one—whose original volcanic bases still rear massively into the sky, and there are many atolls whose original island centers have long since sunk back into the sea—as Darwin surmised—leaving only a coralloid ring of reef as a lovely memory of their exuberant past. Bora-Bora lies somewhere in between: a lot of it has gone but it is not yet a memory. The deep crater of the major volcano on Bora-Bora is already underwater, but not yet so deep that it can be forgotten. The coral abutting on the steep cone of the volcano still reaches within a snorkeler's distance of the surface. Although one spectacular, vertical remnant of the volcano rim, Mt. Temanu, still presses heaven hard enough to wring clouds out of the damp sea wind, most of the original igneous rock is undersea, and the atoll ring of tidal reef and barrier islands lies well away from the main shore. Much of the water inside the large lagoon is deep enough for a full-keeled clipper, but in places it is shallow enough to rip open the bottom of a rubber raft. To sum up all this topographical smelter-smatter in a single sentence that no geologist, pro-Darwin or anti, can dispute, today Bora-Bora is one hell of a wonderful watery playground. Erwan Christian has established a business as Bora-Bora's playground director. His "office" is his Tahitian cottage built on stilts into the lagoon near the Hotel Bora-Bora, the best hotel in the South Pacific. He serves as underwater white hunter, fishing guide, tour guide,

research assistant, curator, historian and drinking companion for any educated visitor who would like to stretch his luck or at least exercise his muscles or brains a little. On Christian's glass-bottom boat the tourist gets a short intriguing lecture on marine ecology, with a bit of showmanship and balderdash thrown in. Visitors water ski behind his outboard runabout and dive with him in the lagoon or down the deep outside of the reef, where the sharks are sometimes large and sometimes seem interested in people. The fainthearted visitor who prefers not to mingle with the shark can troll from Christian's boat for jack, dolphin and tuna and for the impossible, unpredictable ghost of the deep sea, the wahoo.

On days when the ocean swells created by large, distant arguments are not smothering the reef with foam, Christian takes parties out to the flat reeftop to surf cast, or simply to roam and scavenge for shells. For any dedicated gourmet, the trip to the reef is a must, for the top of it is literally crawling with hors d'oeuvres. Right on the spot the tourist can pluck and wolf down a snail called *nause*, and the urchin, *para*. There at his feet, ripe for picking, he finds the seaweed, *rimu*, the white slug, *petite bêche de mer*; the limpet, *opipi*; the tubeworm, *uao*; and a number of other wriggling delights that, when eaten fresh and raw, taste every bit as good as the discarded beach sandals that also lie here and there on the reef.

Those who want to turn their backs on the sea—a near impossibility on Bora-Bora—should definitely look up Christian, for he is the man who knows the most about the soul and history of the island. He has read most of the books, fact and fiction. In one extreme, he has read the excellent journal of Polynesian's first great prophet, Captain Cook, and the journal of Banks, the botanist who sailed with him; in the other extreme, he has romped through the romances of Nordhoff and Hall. Christian is a close friend of the Bora-Bora natives and is also on intimate terms with the island's prosperous colonies of geckos, skinks, nympha and land crabs. He has explored the ruins of the two extinct cultures that lie in the cool growth of the hillsides: the ancient Polynesian religious sites called *marae*, and the concrete foundations and gun emplacements left by the American warriors who came in World War II and built an airstrip on which one plane landed.

In the past 20 years a great deal has been written about the damaging effect that the advanced cultures of the outside world have had, are having and will have on sweet, timeless Polynesia. Certainly there has been much change, particularly in the island's most popular attraction, *les girls*. An Australian complained recently in a Tahiti hotel, "Squeeze a Tahitian girl today, and she is covered with so much bloody sun lotion she squirts right out of your arms." There is a noticeable decline even in the dancing of the ladies. While they still dance the fast, sexy, aboriginal *ramave*, Tahiti teenyboppers would much rather turn up the jukebox and dance the rock 'n' roll. Many of the Polynesian women no longer let their hair grow as their mothers did. Some complain that the extra two

outboard

pounds of hair hanging down their backs provokes headaches; others are fearful of getting their tresses tangled in the moving parts of their motorbikes.

Actually, the major islands in the heart of French Polynesia are on the threshold of supertourism. Although Tahiti has been a familiar place for years, thanks to the efforts of various artists from metropolitan France and from Hollywood, a mere decade ago a flying squirrel could get there almost as easily as a man. As late as 1958—the year the U.S. lobbed its first object into outer space—to get from the U.S. to French Polynesia, a traveler either took a slow boat or flew to Honolulu, then to Fiji, then to Western Samoa, then to the Cook Islands, crossing and recrossing the date line before plopping down in the Tahiti lagoon three days later. (There are oldtime air travelers who claim that, on the rambling way to Tahiti, they were sometimes off-loaded at Darjeeling and Port-au-Prince, but such accounts are exaggerated.) It is a fact that eight years ago Tahiti did not have an airstrip big enough for a Piper Cub; then, in late 1961—almost overnight it seems—there was a long strip shining in the sun and jets were whistling in, bringing the usual assortment of package-tour visitors.

Though the islands have not yet had a full dose of tourism, cruise boats have been coming on and off since the turn of the century, the passengers often settling ashore only for a day, like lemmings in reverse, intent on killing their shipboard restlessness. Some mornings Erwin Christian rises early to take the local coastal pilot outside the reef so the pilot can scramble aboard a cruise ship and guide it safely through the gap into the lagoon. Even before the cruise ship has safely dropped its hook, Christian can tell the character of the passengers by the amount of garbage they are throwing into his beautiful lagoon. Noting the paper cups trailing behind the Matson Lines' *Maipopo* on one such day, Christian said to a visitor accompanying him, "The lunch boxes of this crowd will be washing up on the beaches for two days. When you get back to the Hotel Bora-Bora, lock your cottage door. If you do not, you will find these people in your shower. They will take your mask and snorkel. They will take your American-made socks back to America as souvenirs."

The best favor a visitor can do himself and the islands is to leave his mainland habits at home, particularly the penchant for collecting and accreting, rather than traveling light. Any souvenir, whether it is a pair of American-made socks, a bottle of cut-rate rum, a pandanus basket or the scalp of a native girl, becomes in time a ball and chain.

The Polynesian residents now involved in tourism shake their heads pityingly at the waves of tourists now coming ashore who take snapshots or a bike ride and hardly even get into a boat, much less into the water. Irene Mi-

chik, a Polynesian-Italian lady who has been taking tourists around for seven years, says, "They do not come here until they can afford to. That is the trouble." This past fall, while riding in a canoe up a river on the island of Raiatea, a lady visitor stopped clicking her camera long enough to exclaim, "It is just like Disneyland."

"No, madam," the river guide said. "The wild animals on this river are real. For example, in that pasture over there, you can photograph a real, wild dairy cow."

Erwin Christian remembers a German writer who came to Bora-Bora: "The writer said, 'It is all so beautiful—the white beach, the water, the mountain, so what in hell am I going to write about?' And I said to him, 'Look, take my bicycle and pedal around the island. Go to Anau, the poorest village, but before you come to the first house, let the air out of a tire and walk in with the bicycle.' And he did this, because I followed on my Vespa to see. The natives ran out. They helped him with the tire. They gave him food and drink. They gave him a *paress*. I do not know if he found anything to write about, but he came back to the hotel roaring drunk and happy."

Erwin Christian's early life was the sort that would make any sensitive, growing creature believe that paradise, at most, is only a contrivance of the mind. He grew up in Silesia, a European area of great doubt and insecurity. His part of Silesia was sometimes German and sometimes Polish, depending on whose heavy feet had marched over it triumphantly most recently. He played as a boy under the black flak puffs that filled the sky in World War II. Still today, when he opens a new underwater camera housing, his nose wrinkles, for the acrylic smell is the same he remembers from the melting canopies of the fallen planes. His first boat was a crude kayak that he fashioned out of a wing tank jettisoned by an American plane. He started at the bottom of the hotel business, not so much to escape the distress of flattened Germany as to find out what the French, English and American sides of the world were like. After serving in a number of strict European hotels—notably Claridge's in London—he went to the resort islands because he became fascinated with the sea and wanted to find out what was happening on the other side of the interface. He is a fit man to help people enjoy the island, primarily because he has the inner resources to enjoy it himself and a capacity to infect even the most Babbity man with some of his own curiosity.

While discussing the deceptive largess of Bora-Bora recently, Christian tossed his head toward the island's dramatic volcanic remnant, Mt. Temanu. "I always know that mountain is there," he said, "and that it is always changing, but I sometimes will not look at it, simply because it is so beautiful. It is important to remember that these islands are fragile things, though they have certain stern requirements."

CONTINUED

One of a fleet of rare Polynesian outrigger sailing canoes glides past the thatch-roofed restaurant of Hotel Bora-Bora





**High Island and Fringing Reef**, a South Pacific combination nowhere more splendidly formed than at Bora-Bora, provide a vast water-sports playground safe enough for the timid, adventurous enough for the bold. In the calm, clear lagoon there are outrigger sailing canoes, snorkeling classes, water skiing and glass-bottom boats. The coral garden of the lagoon is a world of hypnotic beauty. Shell collectors comb the reef for cowries and *Tridacna*. Bigger game lies outside—to be dived for, trolled for, or cast for by fishermen in sneakers at the ocean's very edge.



## GAUQUIN GIRLS IN GERNREICH GEAR

The soft beauties of Polynesia, with their long jet hair and golden skin, make perfect foils for the most advanced swimsuits of this new resort season. The suits were designed by that master of body freedom, Rudi Gernreich. They are all of black wool knit held together by hardly apparent bands and straps of clear plastic (skin is a part of the design). All of those shown here were made for Gernreich by Harmon Knitwear and are priced from \$28 to \$55 at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus, all stores; and at all the Saks Fifth Avenue stores around the country. —JULIE CAMPBELL



The plunge of a Gernreich knit, worn by Hina Tamá, is secured by a plastic band and belt. The bikini worn by Tina Mau on the cover and at right appears to be suspended on the body from its clear plastic inserts and straps.









The classic tank suit (left) gets a Gerneich hip strip of plastic. Micheline Lee wears it by a Raiatea waterfall. Paulette Kison (above) covers a bare bikini with a see-through dress as she bikes to the beach with Michel Ventre.



# The Keys TO A REEFBOUND REALM

by Fred R. Smith

Until now the trouble with Tahiti and Bora-Bora—and Fiji, Samoa, New Caledonia and the rest of the islands that stretch across the Tropic of Capricorn—has been that they were so far away from the American mainland, so difficult or expensive to get to, that the handful of tourists who journeyed into the true depths of the South Pacific tended to be the rich, the retired or the renegade. Such visitors have made little effort to get past the deck chair of a steamer, the beach of a hotel or the stool of a bar. For that matter, there have been few facilities to take a sports-minded tourist, no matter what his age or the size of his wallet, where the sport was—no sport-fishing boats, no charter yachts, no scuba school.

The jet surge to the Pacific is changing all that. To offset the complaint that tourist hordes are destroying paradise, there should also be rejoicing that prices are dropping, younger people are finding it possible to travel there and the likes of Bora-Bora's Erwin Christian have enough customers to develop the best thing the Pacific has to offer the tourist—its water sports.

**GETTING THERE** In 1961 the first jet flew into Papeete, Tahiti, and there were 8,563 visitors during the year. During 1967 there were seven flights a week from the U.S. alone, and 23,000 tour-

ists. While the first-class fare is still \$1,022-40, last summer a new 23-day excursion rate made it possible to fly to Papeete from Los Angeles for \$520 round trip, \$234 less than the regular tourist fare. UTA flies from Los Angeles at 11:45 p.m. Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, reaching Papeete 8½ hours later, at 6:10 a.m. local time, as the tropical sky turns lemon yellow behind the palm trees. Pan American flies nonstop from Los Angeles at midnight on Saturdays, from San Francisco via Honolulu on Thursdays, and from Los Angeles via Honolulu and Pago Pago on Tuesdays. Qantas flies from Acapulco to Tahiti on Saturdays. From Papeete there are daily feeder flights to Raiatea and Bora-Bora. To reach Moorea you take a boat, the fishing cruiser *Akika II*, for the hour-and-a-half crossing.

**STAYING THERE** The best hotels in French Polynesia are, without exception, American owned and managed. In Papeete on the main island of Tahiti, the place to stay is the Hotel Tahiti. It has a pool and a pier, but no beach. This lack is made up for by the charm of the thatched-roof bungalows, which cost from \$23 for a double per day. The same management owns the Tahiti Village, nine miles out of town on a white-sand beach, with Moorea soaring above the spindrift on the horizon. In October 1968 Pan American will open the 200-room Tahara's Inter-Continental, a hillside resort near Papeete, the largest in the islands.

Papeete has the most complete organization in the South Seas for skin divers. Young Jean Pelissier has a real James Bond collection of underwater gear. His company has done all the underwater work around the atoll where the French are working on their hydrogen bomb, and, now that he has finished his chores for De Gaulle, he has gone into the tourist business. He has compressors, tanks, instructors, boats, rafts, rescue gear, cameras, lights and is able to take big game or whole movie crews underwater.

Bora-Bora has one distinguished hotel, the Hotel Bora-Bora, also American

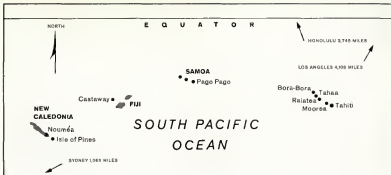
owned. Its main building and dining room sit on a point of land with a dazzling view of white sand and lagoon. The guest bungalows are spread through tropical gardens. The bar is first-rate and it has the best hotel restaurant in the Pacific. Prices are \$35 for a single, \$48 for a double per day. American plan. Erwin Christian's water-sports complex makes the hotel even more attractive. Christian's glass-bottom-boat tours cost \$4 per person, trips to the reef are \$3. Water skiing is \$5 per half hour.

Moorea is considerably better known than Bora-Bora, partly because it is nearer to Tahiti. It sits right out there beyond the lagoon, and it has received much publicity, thanks to three Californians who became permanent beach bums and founded the Bali Hai Hotel in 1963. The beach bums, Jay Carlisle, Muk McCallum and Hugh Kelley, are now pushing 40, and the Bali Hai has clipped grass lawns right down to the raked sand beach, excellent salad grown on the hotel's plantation, the prettiest waitresses in the islands and a general air of complete American don't-give-a-damn relaxation. The thatched bungalows have lung-size American baths. Prices are \$15 for a single, \$18 for a double per night. There is a second Bali Hai at Raiatea, a nearby island, where Muk, Jay and Hugh are converting a rather ordinary waterfront hangar colony into something special. They are building six cottages out over the reef, each with Plexiglas panels in the floor above a floodlit reef for fish watching at bed.

Moorea has another claim to fame, the Club Méditerranée (\$4, July 1, 1968). There are 150 double bungalows with baths on a mile-and-a-half stretch of beach and coconut grove. Two weeks at the club, with skin-diving instruction, horses, a fleet of sailboats, water skiing, all meals and wine included, costs \$399 round trip Los Angeles-Papeete. This year 80% of the guests were American. The Club Méditerranée has 29 summer villages around the world, 10 ski villages and 500,000 members. Membership is \$5 per year. Club Méditerranée

*continued*

Shelling on a Bora-Bora reef. Hina Yama wears another Gerneich suit of black wool set off by transparent plastic



The beckoning South Pacific, now in the middle of its summer, stretches 2,886 miles from Tahiti to New Caledonia

International has offices at 530 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 90014 and at 516 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036. There is a dependency of the club, if 300 people is a crowd for you. On the beautiful island of Tahaa, near Raiatea, the club has a colony of 13 waterside bungalows—without private baths—in a lush tropical setting.

Next stop for the jetter across the South Pacific is *American Samoa*. The new Pago Pago Inter-Continental, which opened in 1965, is one of the major hotels of the Pacific. Rooms are from \$15 a single per day, European plan. It is built in handsome simulation of the native *barr*, or domed thatched-hut, architecture, on a jutting point of land beside the beautiful fjordlike harbor. While full of local charm, it is typically Inter-Continental in its amenities. A visitor contemplating out loud whether a martini would be a good bet was asked by the bartender, "Straight up or on the rocks, olive or twist?" At the same time, one is unable to buy even a razor in the tiny commissaries of the tin-roof town of Pago Pago, which has changed little, if at all, since Sadie Thompson fled there from Honolulu. There is closed-circuit television in all of the schools—but no road around the island. The chief tourist destination on an island of great natural beauty is the Chicken of the Sea tuna cannery. There is promise of excellent deep-sea fishing outside of Pago Pago's deep harbor—

Leonard Yandall talks of snapper and jael; by the boatload, marlin and sailfish cruising 10 miles offshore as if this were a fisherman's nirvana. He has even invested in his belief: he has two 29-foot Luhrs fishing cruisers. Each has a single 160-hp Perkins diesel and is outfitted for parties of four or six sport fishermen. But Yandall has as yet had a hard go of it, averaging only one booking a week. He charges \$20 per hour.

Fiji is to Australia and New Zealand what the Caribbean is to the U.S. In the past few months two new hotels have opened on Fiji that should attract the American tourist as well. One of them, the *Fijian*, on a small island connected to the mainland by a causeway, is only 45 minutes by car from the Nadi jet strip. This is a 108-room complex, designed by Pete Wimberly of Honolulu. Double rooms are from \$18. It sits on a coconut plantation, with a nine-hole golf course, miles of white beach, a harbor inside a barrier reef and the beginnings of a sonorous water-sports endeavor. Harry Dutfield, managing director of Axminster Carpets, Ltd., was so excited by the sport fishing he had with Graham Wallace, the dean of Fiji's fishermen, that he has brought two Axminster-carpeted 45-foot fishing cruisers with Simrod fish detectors, twin diesels, Tyecon rods and Fin-Nor reels to work out of the new *Fijian*. They will take four fishermen for \$130 a day to what Dutfield is call-

ing Marlin Alley, 25 miles off the coast.

The other new hotel in Fiji may be everyone's ideal of a South Pacific getaway spot. It is called *Castaway*, as apt a name as one could find for this tiny, reef-protected island. Bungalows for 36 guests are scattered along two beaches or beneath the palms, but there is very little else. *Castaway* was built by Australian Dick Smith and his delightful wife Kate, who have trained the handsome natives from Malolo Lailai, a nearby island, and they are among the best servants, boatmen and bartenders you will find in the South Pacific. They will take you to the reef to snorkel, or on a turtle hunt or sailing in a catamaran or trolling for tuna. Lunch is served outdoors—at a different place each day, on the beach, under the palms. Cocktails are on the terrace, with flying foxes flittering from tree to tree above, and dinner is a long, pleasant, candlelit affair in the central *barr*. You get to *Castaway* by taking a three-hour sail on the schooner *Seaspay* from the port of Lautoka. The comfortable bungalows cost from \$18 to \$20.50 a double per day, meals included.

The last resort-island complex on the swing across the Pacific before you reach Australia and New Zealand is *New Caledonia*. Because of its rich nickel mines, New Caledonia has a flourishing economy and has not developed its tourist facilities adequately—particularly when you consider that its barrier reef and

lagoon are second only in size to that of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. As yet there is almost no development to take visitors into or onto this water. The only deluxe hotel, the Château Royal in Nouméa, is a travesty of a resort hotel—all marble and fake Louis XVI and wall-to-wall carpeting. A half hour's flight from Nouméa is the **Isle of Pines**, a Melanesian native preserve with a bungalow-hotel—the Relais de Kanamera—run by a Frenchman, Jean Roques. The Relais, situated on an atoll with great bays at its front and back doors, has been called a paradise. It is not. It is a badly run hotel with poor food that is slung at the tourist by waitresses who are in a hurry to get on with the dancing. The bungalows are set under great banyan trees, violating a South Seas' rule that a grass-roofed building must stand in the sun. In consequence, the bungalows are damp walls, sheets, floors. The \$24 per day it costs to stay is much too much for the quality of accommodations, food and service. But the Relais de Kanamera is situated on the most beautiful beach in the South Pacific: if not in the world. Its back beach is a great curve of pale pink sand lined with pines. Just off its gentle slope is a small mushroom-shaped coral island. And snorkeling around this island is so enthralling and so easy that your grandmother would be at home. The heads of the Club Méditerranée and of UTA paid the Isle of Pines a visit recently, looking for a new site for the club. What a blessing it would be if they had this location.

Anyone going to New Caledonia should see its extraordinary aquarium—the finest of its kind anywhere. It is run by Dr. and Mme. R. Catala, two warm and gentle scientists. Located by the sea, it is a completely "live" aquarium—everything in it, the coral, the anemones, all the glorious fish that you will see in a lagoon. The Catalas, by educating you, will put you at ease about the fearsome things that keep many tourists out of South Pacific waters: the poisonous stonefish, lionfish, sea snakes and cone shells, the menace of moray eels or sharks or barracudas or rays, the sting of fire coral or sea urchins. Once you know about them you will realize that the menace is minimal, and, if you have a guide like Bora-Bora's Erwin Christain, something you will not have to think about.

END

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# 

Glasgow citizens love a fight, and nothing stirs one quicker than a confrontation of Celtic-Rangers fans, especially when these two soccer teams meet to start the New Year by **HUGH McILVANNEY**

Glasgow thinks of itself as hard-faced and soft hearted. The judgment is at least a half-truth. Straddling the River Clyde at the western end of Scotland's narrow industrial belt, the city offers to the world the brazen, slightly battered aspect of an old booth fighter. It respects very little and fears less. It is a quick-witted, coarse-tongued tough nut of a town, whose most celebrated traditions are still shapbuilding, football (never to be called soccer) and fighting men. No one should be surprised to find that football and crowd hooliganism tend to go together in a place where anyone walking into a bar wearing a scarf of the wrong color can expect to "get the message." In Glasgow's own language, a harsh metropolitan corruption of lowland Scots studded with the short-hand of violence, getting the message is a procedure that may vary from a swift thumping to some unprompted facial surgery with a razor or a broken glass. The city's hospitals are called upon to do so much stitching it seems remarkable that they have never made a deal with the Singer organization.

Even an Edinburgh man would admit, of course, that it would be a monstrous injustice to present Glasgow in these terms and leave it at that. It is a great commercial and industrial center, world famous for the craftsmanship of its engineers and the shrewdness of its financiers. It has a great body of *douce* citizenry housed in *douce* suburbs of gray and red sandstone or behind fastidiously trimmed gardens in some of the better council estates. It has a reason-

ably lively theatrical tradition, a fine art gallery, a splendid university. It is clearly less Philistine than many cities of comparable size, compensating for certain deficiencies in formal culture with its sense of integrated identity, its own zealous folklore.

But all the pious imagemaking of the town council cannot hide the fact that this folklore is heavily laden with tales of squalid primitivism. The battling gangs of the Depression years have been

replaced by equally boastful but less warlike mobs of youths, whose principal outlet appears to be scrawling their challenging slogans on the walls of public lavatories or on the sooty gable ends of tenements. Yet, essentially, Glasgow is scarcely less violent than it was. An accidental nudge on a pavement can still produce "a clam." Anyone who is claimed has the option of trying to put up a fight or taking what is coming to him and, whether it is the settling of an old score (*vendettas*) are waged with Sicilian intensity) or a casual encounter, a clam may end in bloody death in the gutter.

Nevertheless, it is true that Glasgow's murder rate—only 14 in 1967—is low in proportion to the number of assaults. This probably is because shootings are extremely rare. Here violence is a personal thing, to be done with the hands, the head, the feet or, more likely, with a bottle, a bayonet, a hatchet, a chain, a knife or the sharpened ferrule of an umbrella.

In most of Glasgow's 1,000 public



IN KILMARNOCK PUB BEFORE BUSING TO GAME, CELTIC SUPPORTERS TOAST THEIR TEAM



houses just about anything can start a fight—they are democratic that way—but nothing detonates trouble more readily than a confrontation of supporters of the two clubs that are in many ways the most remarkable in the whole world of football. Overall, Glasgow's record of dedication to the game surpasses even those of Rio, Madrid, Milan, Manchester or Liverpool. The city supports four teams in the first division of the Scottish League, but the real passion is concentrated on Rangers and Celtic.

This is a fervor that goes far deeper than any sporting enthusiasm, for it is rooted in the bitterest religious bigotry in modern Christendom. To the mass of their followers, Rangers are the chosen representatives of Protestantism and Celtic are as firmly identified with Roman Catholicism as the Vatican itself. Rangers wear shirts officially described as royal blue, and their supporters, often in an awesome choir of 50,000 and more, are in the habit of singing *God Save the Queen* as a gesture of loyalty

to the Protestant monarchy. Celtic wear green-and-white hoops, and their fans, who can muster in numbers only slightly short of those that follow Rangers, take most of their considerable musical repertoire from the rebel songs of Ireland. In fact, the essence of the conflict is Irish in origin.

On a clear day it is possible to see the outline of Ireland from the shores of the Clyde estuary, and Irish immigrants had been entering Scotland by the boatload for generations before the two clubs were formed, Rangers in 1873 and Celtic in 1888. The Rangers (they insist on the definite article with a capital "T," even referring to their huge red-brick home near the river on the western outskirts as *The Stadium*) grew out of the excess energies of a group of oarsmen who used to get the ball out after dragging their boat from the Clyde at Glasgow Green.

Celtic Football and Athletic Club was established in the impoverished Victorian East End of Glasgow by Brother Walfrid, a member of the teaching

institute of Marist Brothers, with the main object of providing food for "needy children in the missions of St. Mary's, Sacred Heart and St. Michael's." The charitable principle has been retained, and the club still donates substantial sums each season but, though Celtic's origins were more obviously religious than Rangers', the irony is that in Celtic terms the Protestants may outnumber the Catholics whereas Rangers will not consider a Catholic, regardless of talent. This was not always the case. One Catholic is known to have played for Rangers in the 20s. But in recent years if Rangers signed on "one of them" it was an error, and an error quickly rectified.

Critics are swift to point out that the powerful chairman of The Rangers Club, John Lawrence, a millionaire builder, must have a work force that is about 30% Catholic. It is certainly a logical assumption, because the ratio of Catholics to Protestants in the school population of Glasgow is something like one to two. Neither Lawrence nor any of his fellow directors will comment on the discrimination, but Rangers supporters have a simple explanation of the more liberal approach at Celtic Park: "Where would they find 11 good Catholics?"

The mixture of religions on Celtic teams has had amusing repercussions. John Thomson, the fine young goalkeeper who became a martyr when he was accidentally and fatally injured in a collision with a Rangers forward, is credited with coming in at half time in one match and complaining that an opponent had called him "a popest bastard." Jimmy McGrory, who was center forward on the same team, told Thomson not to worry, that he had been called that many times. "Aye," said Thomson. "But you are old."

Three years ago Celtic took a step that was massively embarrassing to The Rangers board: they appointed a Protestant to manage the club. Jock Stein, a big, intimidatingly sharp muncie from Lanarkshire, was a highly competent but unbrilliant defender for Celtic. As manager, he has been miraculously successful. Last season Celtic won every competition open to them; the Scottish

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY CRAWFORD



WELL SATISFIED WITH THE TIED GAME, RANGERS PARTISANS CELEBRATE IN GLASGOW

continued

League Championship, the Scottish Cup, the Scottish League Cup, the Glasgow Cup and, finally and unfortunately, the European Cup, the prize in a tournament for the champion clubs of all the major football nations of Europe. No British club had ever gone beyond the semifinal in the European Cup. Manchester United, Liverpool, Tottenham Hotspur, Dundee, Hibernian and Rangers—with their best performance in six tries—all reached that stage. Celtic at their first attempt went through to the final, and in Lisbon last May they played magnificent attacking football at bewildering speed to shatter the defensive strategy of Inter-Milan, the Italian club whose negative use of superbly gifted players had given them the European championship twice and driven true lovers of the game to despair.

When Celtic won, the thousands who had followed them to Lisbon ("Every mass has been all-ticket since we came" was Stein's favorite joke before the game) took over the Portuguese capital and for days afterward British Embassy officials were frantically trying to cope with little red-eyed men in rumpled suits that contained neither money nor passports. "Every time we opened a cupboard a Celtic supporter fell out," one of them recalls.

The debris of anecdotes left behind by that carousel in Lisbon is monumental, and the most bizarre stories are the true ones. One man awoke with a start in an airport lounge, rushed out to a taxi and said, "Take me to Johnstone." Johnstone is a few miles outside Glasgow but the taxi was outside Lisbon airport, so the driver turned down the 2,000-mile ride. Nothing conveys the euphoria of the whole episode more accurately than the case of the fan who was swirled merrily aboard the plane with his friends, celebrated lustily all the way back, landed blissfully at Prestwick, then realized he had gone to Lisbon by car.

Even the victims could laugh about these incidents because for many of them that Celtic triumph was nothing less than the climactic experience of their lives. For tens of thousands of people, not only in Glasgow but all over Scotland and among Scottish emigrants as far apart as England, the United States and Australia, the first plank of identity is being a Rangers or Celtic supporter. At least one Rangers supporter has had

his ashes scattered over the center circle at the stadium, and there are tales of Celtic men being given the last rites one day and getting up to go to a match the next. One of the consequences of such devotion is complete financial security for the clubs. The supporters who come to important games by coach and train from every part of Scotland and some towns in England, and by boat and plane from Ireland, swell the vast congregations of ardent Glaswegians. Meetings of the two are frequently watched by crowds of well over 100,000, and even when they are not in opposition their names can draw attendances almost as large. To the fortunes taken at the gate, Rangers and Celtic recently added the income earned by operating their own betting pools. Celtic's is an orthodox lottery but Rangers' is based on football and pulls in money from their admirers all round the globe.

**B**ut though they are bigger than ever, Rangers have not found success to match their growth in the last season or two. Throughout this century Rangers and Celtic have dominated Scottish football to an extent that made it freakish if another club butted in to win one of the major competitions. In the 21 seasons between the wars only Motherwell, with one victory, broke their monopoly of the league championship, and when other clubs emerged more forcefully after World War II it was Celtic and not Rangers who suffered. Rangers remained more than capable of fulfilling the old pseudomoderist vow that they would go on "struggling along at the top." However, the advent of Stein at Celtic Park coincided with a lean period for Rangers, and their supporters found it intolerable after the decades of plenty.

At the beginning of this season Rangers, for the first time in half a century, had gone three years without winning the league title. The bitterness of the situation was fully exposed when Celtic went to South America in November to settle the so-called world club championship with the South American champions, Racing Club of Argentina. Their playoff in Montevideo was a sordid shambles, with four Celtic players and two Racing men ordered off the field for fouling and brawling. Unbiased evidence suggests that Celtic reacted to

unbearable provocation, but it was inevitable that the more virulent Rangers fans should leap in to say that their old enemies had been shown up at last as the thugs they were. There were malicious phone calls, and one Celtic player had to listen to groups of men jeering and singing outside his house, which was splashed with paint as a bonus insult. Presumably that persecution was the work of Rangers supporters but, had the roles been reversed, there is little doubt that just as many Celtic hooligans would have displayed the same sick prejudice. Justice and objectivity do not come into it. It is simply a matter of the orange-and-blue against the green, them and us, us and them.

Many people trace the intensification of religious bigotry in Glasgow between the wars to the importing of Belfast shipyard workers during World War I. Belfast is the headquarters of the Orange movement, the agglomeration of fanatically anti-Catholic "lodges" committed to preserving the memory and significance of the victory won by William of Orange over the deposed Catholic James II of Britain on the banks of the Boyne north of Dublin in 1690. (Most historians agree that what happened on the Boyne was engineered for his own devious purposes by Louis XIV of France, and it is certain that James II, asked to face 35,000 troops with 21,000, was not so much routed as obliged to make a quick getaway.) Among those shipyard workers from Belfast were men steeped in such traditions and others equally immersed in the Fenianism that provides a savage counterpoint in the Ulster capital. Whatever other factors were involved, the trouble between rival elements at Rangers-Celtic matches definitely increased in the '30s, culminating in the record number of 120 arrests in 1936. When the serious disturbances occurred after the second war, with instances of mass bottle throwing and widespread fighting, even the extraordinarily efficient Glasgow police felt they needed help. In 1953 the clubs met police and the city magistrates, and it was agreed that Rangers-Celtic games should be subject to special conditions: there must be prematch entertainment and entertainment to occupy the spectators during the 10 minutes or so of the half-time interval; the teams must always come from the dressing rooms together; and there must be no flam-

ing of banners (a ban that is virtually unenforceable). At the same time the Lord Advocate laid it down that anyone arrested for causing trouble at a football match would be dealt with in a sheriff court, exposing offenders to stiffer penalties than they had faced in the police courts.

Since then there has been a marked improvement in the conduct of spectators at the games and, surprisingly, the mounting hostility that came with Celtic's success has not altered the trend severely. But it was the New Year's match that many people looked toward with apprehension. A tribal rite within a tribal rite, it has produced some memorable violence in the past. The two groups long ago elected to segregate themselves at opposite ends of the grounds, but that has never prevented the real wild men from making bother before, during or after the play. And this year's event had all the makings of an old-fashioned stramash.

Early in the season Rangers, clearly aware that something dramatic was required, fired their long-serving and hitherto successful manager, Scot Symon, and promoted David White, who had been recruited from Clyde, a part-time club. White, in his mid-30s, is small and boyish, and he is sometimes less than prepossessing in public. But he knows what he is doing, and Rangers had not lost a match since he took over. They went into the New Year meeting two points ahead of Celtic in the league table. The tension generated by the possibility that Rangers were thrusting themselves back on top was tremendous.

The magistrates had switched the fixture from January 1 to January 2 to give the supporters a chance to sober up after bringing in the New Year, but that meant playing on a day when the public houses were open instead of on one when they were closed. In addition, the weather was fine though cold, dashing police hopes of a nice discouraging rain. "This could be one of the vicious ones," said a Glasgow journalist, watching whiskey being drunk from five-gill bottles in the hired buses easing along Gallowgate and London Road to Celtic Park. They passed dilapidated tenements, pubs as bare and unwelcoming as outhouses and waste-lots alive with brash, bespattered children who looked like extras engaged for the filming of a Dickens novel. There was a sense that any-



HERE MAKING SAVE, CELTIC GOALKEEPER JOHN FALLON LATER PERMITTED EASY SCORE

thing might happen, but as it turned out very little did, apart from some weird occurrences concerning John Fallon, Celtic's young reserve goalkeeper.

On a dead, maddy field before 75,000, Celtic, playing without four of the 11 who won the European Cup, were still generally too mobile and inventive in the first half for a Rangers' side that was ponderously physical in defense and had only Willie Johnston to suggest penetration in attack. John Greig, the Rangers captain, set a dubious example with repeated fouls on Jimmy Johnstone, Celtic's marvelously elusive right winger, and when Sandy Jardine chose to give Johnstone similar treatment the punishment was a free kick that led to a goal.

At the beginning of the second half Rangers appeared almost resigned, and the jubilant Celtic support were giving voice with "We're off to Dublin in the green, in the green. . . ." They were silenced abruptly by the first of Fallon's moments of eccentricity. He contrived to permit a moderate shot to go through his legs, and at once Rangers found new vigor. Celtic began to labor, an unusual plight for a team considered one of the fittest in the world. Bobby Murdoch, a hero of Lisbon, brought reassurance when, with his back to goal, he controlled the ball in the air with his right foot and pivoted to hook a wonderful

left-footer high beyond Rangers Goalkeeper Erik Sorensen. Still, Fallon was to have the final say. When Rangers Danish right back, Kai Johansen, moved up and mis-hit a shot from rather more than 25 yards it seemed that someone in the stands would have had time to get down and save the skidding ball. But Fallon, arching his body conveniently, dived over it and gave Rangers a draw. Two minutes later the match was over, and the red-haired goalkeeper was making an embarrassed sprint for the tunnel.

"Tonight he won't have a friend in the world," someone said solemnly in the press box.

He had quite a few friends in "The Snug" bar at Bridgeton Cross, where a bunch of Rangers fans were soon dancing frenetically in a circle like Indians who had just heard about their team's performance at the Little Bughorn. They were brandishing their scarves (Rangers and Celtic diehards are among the few people who wear woolen scarves all year round) and pint glasses crunched under their feet as they chanted, "Aye, aye, yippee, the Pope's a ----- hippie."

Outside a news vendor was saying that it had been a quiet one. There were only four arrests in the ground. "Aye," said a customer in a green scarf, "I'll bet Fallon wishes there had been a break-in at half time." **END**

## PEOPLE

In Ireland for the filming of James Goldman's play *The Lion in Winter*, Actress **Katharine Hepburn** recently took her clubs and set off by bicycle for 18 holes of golf at the nearby Woodbrook course, only to be refused permission to play. Woodbrook was closed to visitors to prevent the spread of foot-and-mouth disease. Miss Hepburn, a horse in winter, had to settle for the nine-hole course at Bray, for her four-mile-each-way cycling trips to and from the studio and for her occasional dips in the icy Irish Sea.

A syndicated columnist reported recently, "**Sandy Koufax** is having a rug woven for his home (by Ed Fields) showing a baseball and a microphone." Questioned about this proposed bit of interior decoration, Koufax registered considerable surprise. He was not having any rug woven. In fact, the whole notion of commissioning a carpet bearing symbols of his own triumphs struck him as "an offensive idea." Well then, could Edward Fields, Inc., the concern reported to have been weaving this rug, explain the item? Yes, it could. The company was considering weaving a 2-foot-by-2-foot "tap-

estry" as a special present for Koufax, a grateful gesture for the pleasure he had afforded Dodger fans Fields and his son Jack. A 2-foot-by-2-foot tapestry offered as a gift is not the same kettle of fish as a floor rug commissioned by oneself. Koufax, provided with the facts, said, "I would appreciate that very much. It's very nice of them."

Among the persons who took to the slopes over the holidays were all those **Robert Kennedys**, **Empress Farah of Iran**, **Actresses Julie Andrews and Janet Leigh**, both of the President's daughters, and **Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay of New York** (below). There were also some disgruntled nonstars. **Jim Larborg**, who blithely said in December, "I'm not really worried about broken bones or anything like that" (SI, Dec. 18), is worried now. His torn ligaments in his left knee and will probably miss the start of spring training. And in Gstaad, Switzerland, **Gunter Sachs** and wife **Brigitte Bardot** (above) found themselves moping around in the rain.

A check on **Alan Alda**, the actor elected to portray Author



**George Plimpton** in the film version of *Paper Lion*, shows things to be going pretty much as expected. Alda, now 31, whose total football experience consists of two weeks of training with his high school team in Burbank, Calif., has been working out daily to get into some kind of shape for two months of training with the Lions in Florida. Workouts consist of running, "dropping on the floor" and doing push-ups—he can now manage 22 of the latter. Alda is pinning his hopes for survival on the Lions' ability to fake, but apparently as hopes go his are a little faint. "I expect they'll use me in the movie to the point where I'll actually be killed," he has said gloomily, adding that he sees this coming about as a result of "a ton of people falling on top of me."

The incoming class at the Houston Police Academy has some interesting new boys. Among the 70 cadets are **Bobby Janek**, alttime AFL leader in kick-off returns, from the Oilers' defensive backfield; **J. C. Hartman**, former Astro infielder; **Tim James**, 25-year-old son of Bandleader Harry James and a

center and linebacker at TCU until injuries benched him, and **Heavyweight Bobby Denaard**, winner of 13 of his 16 professional fights, 11 of them by knock-outs. Janek has always wanted to go into police work. Hartman developed an interest more recently when he decided that he was not making the progress in baseball that he felt he should be. The Houston police force looked like a chance to work with youngsters and stay home with his family and business interests. James, who received his law degree in 1967, has already worked for the Fort Worth police department. The 20-year-old Denaard, who will continue to fight, is frightened enough to want a career other than boxing to rely upon. Any young sports fan who also is (perhaps the thought) a juvenile delinquent might do well to find a place for Houston in his future. It's going to be a great police force to be rehabilitated by.

A London paper referred to **Edward Heath** as a "surprise Boat Show visitor" when the leader of the Opposition turned up at the International Boat Show in London's Earls Court recently. The paper is certainly easy to surprise. Heath is famous for his interest in sailing, and, in fact, he has just replaced his Snipe, *Blue Heather*, with a 16-foot fiber-glass Fireball, which he reportedly plans to christen *Blue Heather II* before racing her in Kent at Easter.

**Prince Philip** has been going around with a bandaged right wrist as a result of having had a cyst removed, a tumor that one London surgeon said was possibly a consequence of the Prince's polo playing. An old-fashioned and in fact discredited method of cyst removal involves a hefty smash with something like—well, a polo mallet, to release the fluid into surrounding tissues. Not surprisingly, Prince Philip elected surgery.



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## Smashing start to the season

The best dash men in the country met in San Francisco, raced through a near dead-heat 60 and then crashed chaotically just past the tape

Marquette Simpson, a beautiful girl who is married to the most exciting player in college football, stood in a San Francisco hotel corridor between two suitcases that were much too big for her to carry. "O.J.," she said, "please come on and bring these downstairs. We're being picked up in five minutes."

"Just a minute," said O.J. Simpson, knocking on the door of one of the rooms. "First I've got to see what's going on in here." Simpson's life has become full of awards and public appearances and appointments, he almost always has to be someplace within the next five minutes. But last weekend he was in no special hurry, and his mind was far from football. The door opened, and he burst into the room with a laugh. Ron Copeland, the hurdler from UCLA, was playing host to a few other athletes in one of the oldest floating poker games in sports. "Well, well," said O.J., "here we are in the track season again."

On Friday night—only four days after he wound up his sensational season with USC in the Rose Bowl—Simpson competed in the 60-yard dash at the San Francisco Examiner All-American Games. He had no time to work out for the race, and even at his best he would have had no chance to win in a field that included virtually all the fastest sprinters in the country. Still, he went out of his way to be part of the opening of the indoor track season in his home town. "The meet gives Marquette and me a free trip home to see our families," he said with typical candor, but there was more to it than that. Football is O.J.'s first love and it is going to make him rich, but track provides a low-pressure world of friends and laughs and excitement that he is not anxious to give up.

O.J. belongs to the colorful group of sprinters and hurdlers who seem to run

faster and talk more with each new season. Among them he is not a football star. He is just another guy who can run 100 yards in 9.4 seconds, and half a dozen of them can run it in 9.3 or better. They like to kid him. Friday night he was greeted by Charlie Greene, the sharpest and maybe still the fastest of them all. "Hey, here's the celebrity," said Charlie. "What a shock I got one night when I was watching the *Jerry Bishop Show* and big old ugly O.J. walked out." Earl (The Pearl) McCulloch, Simpson's USC teammate, and a world-record hurdler, said, "Just remember, when he was becoming the celebrity it was me up there doing the blocking for him." Bill Gaines, the newest member of the sprinting elite, said, "Pearl, don't tell me about O.J. and football. Just tell me where the card game is tonight."

Simpson enjoyed the needling, happy after months as the biggest man in football to be a part of the show the sprinters always put on. And the San Francisco meet was mainly their show. In this Olympic year many athletes are following careful training timetables designed to bring them to a peak in October. Some will skip the winter season and others will run only hard enough to win a few races, as Tommie Smith did Friday in the 300-yard dash. But the sprinters don't train as carefully nor do they think that far ahead. "Sure I'm pacing myself," said Greene blandly. "I'm taking it nice and easy." Then, after the meet, Charlie flew into the -15° cold of Edmonton, Alta., where he ran again on Saturday night. Greene and the other sprinters run when they are ready—and the best of them all happened to be ready Friday night. "This race," said Coach Bud Winter of San Jose State before the featured heat of the dash, "could almost be the finals of the Olympic trials."

The favorites were Greene and Jim Hines. But they were challenged by Willie Turner, veteran Mel Pender and the youthful Gaines, who fits right in with the loquacious sprinters. Gaines ("Call me Bill, not Billy") was a sensational high school runner at Mullica Hill, N.J. last year, and he would be again this year except that at 19 he is too old to compete under New Jersey high school rules. He solved that problem by moving to California, but then he was rejected by the first high school he tried because he refused to shave off his mustache and goatee. "Isn't that something else?" he asked. "How can they keep you out of school for the way you look?" Now he is finally enrolled at San Jose High, but he competes with the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village team, helping to give Coach Woody Linn one of the fastest squads in the country. "Last year I was glad to have guys who could do a 9.7 hundred," said Linn. "Now I don't even talk to 9.5 sprinters."

"I'll admit I feel worried," Greene said before the race. "I'm not really at my best for this kind of competition. I just hope I can get out in front and hold them off."

"I haven't done much work yet this season," said Hines. "I'll probably have trouble keeping up."

"Who are you guys kidding?" snapped Gaines. "If you weren't ready you wouldn't be running, and neither would I." If Bill loses many races this year, it won't be because he is awed by his elders.

Before the dash, the 60-yard hurdle race was run, and McCulloch complained more than the sprinters about not being ready. "My timing is off," he said, "and I probably won't have my usual quick start because I haven't worked on it in so long."

Earl was right about his timing. He started slowly in the trial heat and again in the final, went too high over one hurdle and hit another—and still won both times. "Oh, you Pearl!" O.J. cried. McCulloch answered, "Now it's your turn. I'm going to find a good seat so I can crack up watching you."

As the field for the dash was introduced, Hines and Greene got respectful applause but Simpson got the loudest ovation of the night. O.J. kicked at the starting blocks, looking almost sheepish, as the crowd roared. "See you at the finish line," a friend told him.



WINNER GAINES CLUTCHES HEAD, RUNNER-UP GREENE PUTS HANDS TO FACE IN PAIN

"You might see me," he said, "if you wait long enough."

The race began with the color and comedy that have marked so many of Greene's performances. Hines jumped the gun, and walked back as Greene gave him a haughty look, eyebrows raised and mouth twisted in a knowing grin. On the second start Games jumped; Charlie gave him the same treatment.

The third start was good, but six seconds later all the fun and entertainment and excitement were lost in a sickening pileup of bodies. Greene and Games hit the tape together and then suddenly crashed together to the floor of the narrow passage under the stands beyond the finish line. Pender and Hines fell over them, and Kirk Clayton, in the inside lane, was jolted against the wall and knocked unconscious.

"The restraining rope that is supposed

to slow us down was too low," Greene said. "I tried to hurdle it, but I tripped over it." Games thought the rope had been jerked up as he reached it. "I saw it coming up at me suddenly," he said. "I threw my hand up, but it hit my chest and knocked me off balance."

Clayton lay unconscious on the floor. Games opened his eyes to see blood dripping from his forehead. His wife Donna, who is 18 and due to have a baby any day, ran from her seat to help him. She stood next to the house doctor, wringing a handkerchief in her hands, wiping Bill's forehead and then her own tears. Clayton, suffering from a concussion, was taken to a hospital. Games sat on the floor, shaking his head to clear his mind and telling Donna not to worry. Greene came to the edge of the group and stuck an outstretched hand toward Games. "You won it, baby."

"I did?" said Games. "Then I guess I'll be O.K."

Moments later Greene wasn't so sure that Games had won it. The finish judges had used no photometer and had taken an unofficial snapshot of the finish that was blurred. To make things worse, they announced Games's time as six seconds flat and Greene's as 6.2. Since they had finished almost even, the .2 difference made the official result suspect—and Charlie exploded.

"I ended last season with a beef about Hines beating me at the AAU meet," he said. "Don't tell me I have to start this year with another beef." But he went on protesting and received a small consolation when his second-place time was corrected to six seconds flat. It wasn't enough for Charlie, who is such an intense competitor that he simply refuses to accept defeat, especially defeat based on a close judgment call. "This is really groovy," he said sarcastically. "It looks like I'm in for another long, long year."

The San Francisco race certainly guaranteed that it won't be a dull year among the sprinters, but then it never is. In fact, if Games had lost he might have started a controversy of his own. "They called me for a false start," he said. "But I thought I made a perfect start, right with the gun. I would have won that one easily, if they hadn't called us back. I was also a little upset that Charlie and Jim Hines had starting blocks with rubber on them, while I got a metal one that made me slip a little."

Somebody will almost always be upset this year, as Greene, Hines and Games lead the closely matched field of sprinters toward the Olympics. Games was asked after the race if he thought he could take over soon as the fastest of all. "I'm not looking to take over anything," he said. "I just want to win as many of these as I can." Greene was asked if Games was the coming star among the sprinters. "He may be coming," Charlie snapped, "but Jim and I haven't left yet."

Only one man remained above all the trouble. He deftly sidestepped the accident at the finish and after a while sauntered casually back up the track. He began signing autographs for a mob of kids. Somebody in the crowd told O. J. Simpson that he had finished last in the 60-yard dash. He looked up, smiling. "I did? How about that? I thought I beat one guy."

END

## Borrowing a secret from another Player



Gary Player seems to have discovered a simple solution for controlling those delicate wedge shots to a green from inside 50 yards—a shot that can save you a stroke if executed with precision. His secret is crisp but restricted action throughout the swing. You cannot sway and expect to control a short wedge so you should put most of your weight on your left leg. To insure himself against any lateral body movement, Gary pushes his right knee in just a bit and even picks up the outside of his right shoe so that it looks as though he is pushing off his right foot during the swing. He isn't, however. What he has done is set himself so firmly when he addresses the ball that he remains absolutely stationary during the swing and consequently does not sag or sway as he comes down into the ball. If you are having trouble with this short wedge shot, I recommend that you try what Gary does so well.

FRANKS GOLDEN

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# KIND AND CANNY CANINES

To the young readers of a few decades ago Albert Payson Terhune, a prolific writer, revealed collies as more than dogs. They were—well, they were collies

by  
**ROBERT H. BOYLE**





Every age has its heroes, and to goggle-eyed youngsters of the 1920s, '30s and even into the '40s, Albert Payson Terhune was a godlike figure. Terhune, who died in 1942, wrote dog stories—most often about collies—by the score, and the influence they had was tremendous, if not traumatic. "I must have read every one of his books when I was a kid," says Merrill Pollack, a New York editor. "I wanted to be a collie when I grew up. Mention Terhune's name and I go to pieces." Most of the collie breeders going today got into the sport of dogs because of Terhune. "I grew up on Terhune's stories and cried salty tears over them," says Mrs. Peggy Young, a collie breeder in Finleyville, Pa. "I still cry," says Mrs. Eugene Price, a collie fancier in Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. "My husband cries too. We're both sloppy that way." By working 11 hours a day, six days a week, Terhune was able to meet the demands of his public.

In fact, his productivity was such that one critic remarked, "It is easy to imagine the printer of any one of a half dozen magazines returning a dummy of the month's issue to the editor and saying 'There's some mistake. You've left out the Albert Payson Terhune story.'"

Terhune buffs can quote phrases or recite plots from the stories and books, much in the manner of the Baker Street Irregulars reciting off Holmesian lore. There is Lad, "such a dog as is found perhaps once in a generation." Lad had "absurdly tiny silver white forepaws," which he was always licking clean when the action got dull. There was Lad's mate, Lady, "an imperious and temperamental wisp of thoroughbred cunnity," and then there was Bruce, "the dog without a fault," or, to put it another way, "Bruce is not just a 'mere dog.' He is—he is *Bruce*."

Bruce, Lad, Lady, Gray Dawn, Thane, Athos, Buff—the mind reels from nostalgia at this roster of the great. They herded sheep, caught robbers, saved babies and cheerfully charged into battle against maddened bulls, angry hawks, lurking snakes and stags in rut. Almost every story had at least one rousing fight, and no matter how bad things went at first, "a collie down is not a collie beaten," for "the collie brain—though never the collie heart—is wont to flash back in moments of mortal stress, to the ancestral wolf." The pites of tumbled ruff hair gave

"a protection no other breed of dog can boast," and the unfortunate opponent soon found that the collie "may bite or slash a dozen times in as many seconds and in as many parts of the body. He is everywhere at once—he is nowhere in particular."

Like knights-errant of old, collies roamed through Terhune's stories with big hearts that "ever went out to the weak and defenseless."

Terhune claimed he based most of his stories on actual dogs, often his own, and on occasion fact outdid fiction. When Sunnybank Wolf was killed saving a cur from being hit by a train, *The New York Times* ran a long obituary, and the American Kennel Club *Gazette* reported that "the world paused for more than a moment." Unlike Lassie, the TV collie inspired by a novel by Eric Knight, Terhune's dogs did not have perpetual youth. They led

epic lives, and they had epic deaths, worthy of Beowulf or Little Nell. Thus, "Over a magnificent lifeless body on the veranda bent the two who had loved Lad best and whom he had served to worshipfully for sixteen years. The Mistress's face was wet with tears she did not try to check. In the Master's throat was a lump that made speech painful. For the tenth time he leaned down and laid his fingers above the still heart of the dog, seeking vainly for sign of fluttering."

"No use!" he said thickly, bowing his head, harking back by instinct

to a half-remembered phrase: "The engine has broken down."

"No," quoted the sobbing Mistress, wiser than he. "The engineer has left it."

Terhune, who admitted he was a rank sentimentalist, made a practice of burying many of his canine heroes on his estate, Sunnybank Farm, in Pompton Lakes, N.J. Lad was the first collie to be interred, and a granite block was placed over the grave with the carved lines: "Lad, Thoroughbred in Body and Soul."

Unfortunately for Terhune, his readers were not content with simply reading about the dogs. They wanted to see them, dead or alive, they wanted to visit "The Place," as Terhune called Sunnybank in his stories, and they wanted to chat with "the Master" himself. "The public at large seems afflicted with the belief that Sunnybank is a zoo; and that I am a freak of sorts," he complained in his



autobiography, *To the Best of My Memory*. "This I judge from the hordes of motor tourists who swarm into the grounds to see our colliers and to waste my own time." This intrusion of visitors "rips at my nerves and temper," he declared, and after counting more than 1,700 strangers in one season who came to see Lad's grave, he shut the iron gates to The Place and posted a sign saying, NO ADMITTANCE TODAY.

Despite Terhune's distaste for welcoming his readers to his home, he relished personal publicity, and at the height of his career his every coming and going was news.

Though the press constantly followed him, Terhune began to fear that he had been around so long that he was being neglected, and in the mid-1930s he hired a press agent, Amy Vanderbilt, then a young writer in New York. Miss Vanderbilt recalls that Terhune was a big, bumbly grandfather type, and "He couldn't stand dirty stories about dogs." She wangled him reams of publicity; he was especially delighted with the worldwide play he got when he announced that cats were smarter than dogs.

Terhune was a huge man. He was 6 feet 3 and weighed 220 pounds. He had the build of a lumberjack, and his head was almost heroic. His hair usually hung over his forehead, making him look like a brooder, and he had a massive, determined chin. Most of the time he dressed like an English squire and was fond of striding through the countryside accompanied by 30 or 40 of his colliers. A capacious drinker, he had a great fondness for Swiss S, a cocktail that is made with Pernod, and he ordinarily began lunch by ordering a pair of doubles.

Physical strength and a talent for writing ran in the Terhune family. His great-grandfather, Abram Terhune, was in George Washington's bodyguard, and, according to family tradition, Abram is shown in the painting, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, pulling the starboard bow oar. Terhune's father was the Rev. Dr. Edward Payson Terhune, a Dutch Reformed minister who occasionally shocked his congregations by his fondness for fast horses, billiards, shooting and fishing. Terhune's mother was from Richmond, where she had known Edgar Allan Poe. Under the pen name of Marion Harland, she wrote best-selling romantic novels and a cookbook, *Common Sense in the Household*, which sold almost half a million copies.

Terhune was born in Newark, N.J. on Dec. 21, 1872. His father later accepted calls to Springfield, Mass. and Brooklyn, but home was always Sunnybank, a 40-acre estate on the shore of Pompton Lake in north Jersey. Terhune went to Columbia and, to earn money during his senior year, he boxed professionally under an assumed name. He was fond of fencing, too, and one of his favorite opponents at Sunnybank was a neighbor, Cecil B. DeMille. Upon graduating from Columbia, Terhune visited the Middle East and wrote his first book, *Syrus from the Saddle*, which earned him a few good reviews and a \$50

advance. Then 21 and in need of a job, he became a reporter on the New York *Evening World*, published by Joseph Pulitzer. Terhune stayed at the *World* until 1916. "I did not like newspaper work," he wrote later. "I loathed it. During my entire 21½ years on the *World* I never once ceased to detest my various jobs there and the newspaper game in general." Yet Terhune had a nose for news and a zest for work, so much so that he was nicknamed the "Iron Man" by his colleagues. One morning, upon observing a pile of broken chains in front of the *World* building, Irvin S. Cobb exclaimed, "Terhune must be taking a day off!" Terhune liked to make light of his labors, but he was proud that, when he quit, the *World* hired two men to replace him.

Terhune had a hand in everything at the *World*. He did rewriting and reporting, he wrote editorials and edited letters and features. For a while Terhune wrote a feature column for the *World*, "Up and Down with the Elevator Man." But his forte was long serials, such as *Ten Beautiful Shopgirls* and *Ten Popular Actresses*. He was the shopgirls and the actresses. He did another series, supposedly by Lillian Russell, who wrote to the *World*, "I wish it to be understood by all my friends that I am not in any way responsible for the incoherent drivel appearing in your pages under my name." For another series, an editor assigned Terhune to box with the leading prizefighters of the day. Terhune got in the ring against Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin and Kid McCoy. He had sparred with all of them on his own, but for the readers of the *World* he went through an ordeal, emerging with two missing teeth and a broken left hand. Later he discovered that the editor had secretly offered a special half-page story in the Saturday paper to the boxer who kayoed him. Terhune was on friendly terms with Corbett and Fitzsimmons, but "John L. Sullivan was the only fighter I knew well whom I did not like . . . he was a bully, a sodden beast, a hog. He has been handed down to posterity as a ring hero. He was nothing of the kind. He had the intelligence of a louse—if any." Terhune was often apologetic about his writings, but he was proud of a now long-vanished novel, *The Fighter*, which he called "my nearest fictional approach to literature."

In 1901 Terhune married Anice Stockton, whom he had known as a child. Terhune had one daughter, Lorraine, from a previous marriage, who died in 1946. In 1905 Anice Terhune became gravely ill, and Terhune, unable to afford a nurse, had to take time off from the *World* to look after her. She recovered, but it was a turning point of his life. "I realized I was a lazy failure," he wrote. "I was thirty-two years old. I had not one hundred dollars in the world, above my weekly pay. I was several thousand dollars in debt. I had no reasonable hope of doing better along the lines I was following.

"I saw no way to get ahead in the world except by fore-

continued

ing some kind of opening for myself as a fiction writer. Thenceforth, for several years, I set aside five hours a night, five nights a week, for this kind of work. After my nine-hour office day, I came home, got a shower and a rubdown; and, as soon as dinner was ended, I went to my desk and began writing. At first it was torment, to attack fresh toil at the jaded end of a nine-hour work period. But, bit by bit, I got into my stride."

Most of the stories were cheap melodrama without the slightest pretensions to literature—"I knew that better than did anyone else; and I grieved bitterly over the knowledge," he admitted—but he did well financially. By 1912 he was getting \$100 for a story and \$1,400 for a serial, and in a typical year he was writing 20 short stories and five 60,000-word serials. He was able to spend more and more time at Sunnysbank with his wife and dogs. He had for some time tried to persuade editors to buy dog stories, but he was told that the reading public was not interested. One weekend in 1914 Ray Long, editor of the *Redbook*, happened to be at Sunnysbank. Long, who had taken a fancy to Lad, suggested Terhune do a story about the dog. Terhune wrote *His Mate*, about Lad and Lady, and it was such a success that other editors began clamoring for Lad stories. Terhune left the *World* and quickly turned out a dozen stories, all revolving around this "eighty-pound collie, thoroughbred in spirit as well as in blood." In real life Lad was not registered with the AKC, yet in print he had a "benign dignity that was a heritage from endless generations of high-strain ancestors." Moreover, Lad had "the gay courage of a d'Artagnan, and an uncanny wisdom. Also—who could doubt it, after a look into his mournful brown eyes—he had a Soul."

Lad, obviously, was a dog of destiny, and in successive stories, or "yarns," as Terhune called them, Lad captures a thief in the night; rescues the Mistress from drowning; saves a baby from a copperhead snake; rescues his offspring, Wolf, from drowning; wins two blue ribbons at the Westminster Kennel Club Show; gets lost in New York but makes it back home to Sunnysbank by swimming the Hudson River. (In a later epic, *Gray Dawn*, the collie of the title name also becomes lost on the east bank of the Hudson but, instead of swimming the river, he wisely takes the Nyack-Tarrytown ferry.) There is little that Lad cannot do. Perhaps the best-remembered Lad stories involve the nasty Hamilar Q. Glure, who "had made much money in Wall Street—a crooked little street that begins with a graveyard and ends in a river." Having "waxed indecently rich," Glure buys "a hideously expensive estate" and settles down as a gentleman farmer in the north Jersey hills, where he dresses like "a blend of Landseer's *Edinburgh Drover* and a theater program picture of *Wear the Man Will Wear*." Anxious to accumulate prizes for his dogs, Glure offers a \$1,600 gold trophy in the shape of a hat for the dog that wins a specialty competi-

tion, conditions to be announced later. They are not announced until the day of the show at Glure's estate, and it turns out that Lad is the only visiting dog that can qualify to compete for the trophy. He has won at least one blue ribbon at a licensed American or British Kennel Club show, and he has a certified five-generation pedigree with at least 10 champions. Now all he need do to win the trophy is to complete the obscure and tricky competition prescribed by the Kirkcaldie Association, Inc., of Great Britain for Working Sheepdog Trials. But Lad really doesn't have a chance. He has never gone through such a competition, while the sly Glure has paid \$7,000 to the Duke of Hereford for Champion Lochinvar III, the only dog in the world that can possibly qualify and win. But the Mistress, "like Lad, was of the breed that goes down fighting," and surely but very slowly Lad responds to her commands to complete the course. Full of confidence, Glure dismisses his dog's Scottish trainer to give Lochinvar hand signals. The dog bounds off to do the course, but Glure, who has been smoking a cigar, burns his fingers. He shakes his hand in pain, then he sticks his fingers in his mouth. Baffled by these strange movements, Lochinvar stops and refuses to move. In a rage, Glure tries to kick the dog and thereby forfeits the match by moving from the central post. Lad wins the Gold Hat, and the Master sends it to the Red Cross to have it melted down and sold to buy hospital supplies, explaining, "If that doesn't take off its curse of unportmanliness, nothing will."

*Nouveaux riches* such as Glure were among Terhune's favorite villains. Others were tramps, any trespassers on The Place, "the professional dog catcher in quest of his dirty fee," and vivisectionists. The last flourished because "There seems to be no law to prevent human devils from strapping helpless dogs to a table and torturing them to death in the unholy name of Science." The vivisectionists were usually Germans, or, to put it another way, Germans were usually vivisectionists. Thus, in *Brace*, written in the heat of World War I, the sinister Dr. Halding furtively goes around buying dogs at shows. "The bigger and stronger they are, the more he pays for them. He seems to think pedigreed dogs are better for his filthy purposes than street curs. They have a higher nervous organism, I suppose. The swine!" In time Dr. Halding is arrested as a dangerous alien. In addition to an ample supply of "treasonable documents," the arresting officers discover "no fewer than five dogs, in varying stages of hideous torture . . . strapped to tables or hanging to wall-hooks." Upon being seized, Dr. Halding bewails, "loudly and gutturally, this cruel interruption to his researches in Science's behalf."

When the Master and the Mistress later offer Bruce for service as a corner dog in France to rid the world of the Hun pestilence, the Master suddenly has second thoughts about his dog: "To think of him lying smashed and help-

less, somewhere in No Man's Land, waiting for death, or caught by the enemy and eaten . . . Or else to be captured and then cut up by some German vivisectioner-surgeon in the sacred interests of Science!"

Not even devotees of the dog game were exempt from Terhune's wrath. Woe to the breeder who foisted off a poor pup, or "pup," as Terhune wrote, on some innocent buyer. Woe, too, to fanciers who cared only to exhibit dogs at shows. Terhune was repelled by the anguish bull terriers underwent for shows: "by the harsh rubbing of pipe clay into the tender skin. Sensitive tails, and still more sensitive ears were sandpapered, for the victims' greater beauty—and agony. Ear-interiors also were shaved close with safety razors." Even collies were hurt by "murderous little 'knife combs'" that transformed "natural furriest into painful and unnatural trimness. Ears were 'scrunched' until their wearers quivered with stark anguish—to impart the perfect tulip-shape; ordained by fashion for collies. . . .

"Few of these ruthlessly 'prepared' dogs were personal pets. The bulk of them were 'kennel dogs'—dogs bred and raised after the formula for raising and breeding prize hogs or chickens, and with little more of the individual element in it.

"Brain, fidelity, devotion, the *famulus* side of a dog—these were totally ignored in the effort to breed the perfect physical animal. . . . The body was everything, the heart, the mind, the namelessly delightful quality of the master-raised dog—these were nothing. Such traits do not win prizes at a bench-show. Therefore fanciers, whose sole aim is to win ribbons and cups, do not bother to cultivate them." But for all this, Terhune was ready, willing and able to enter his own dogs at a show, provided the show was not too taxing. After all, showing dogs was "the straightest show on earth. Not an atom of graft in it, and seldom any profit." For four years Terhune served on the board of the American Kennel Club, the ruling body of dogdom.

When the *Lad* stories were done, Terhune looked around for a book publisher. John Macrae of Dutton offered to gamble on a book about *Lad*, and it was a success at once. Published in 1919, it went through 38 printings in 10 years. *Lad* has now sold so many copies the publisher has lost count. The same is true of any number of other Terhune books, some of which are still in print.

After *Lad*, Terhune went on to Bruce, Buff, Gray Dawn and a host of other canine do-gooders. One theme common to many stories is the dog as an instrument of salvation. Thus it is in the story, *The Foul Fighter*, with Champ, a collie adopted by Dan Rorke, a dirty fighter who wins by fouling: "That was how he made his living—by tactics his own dog would not stoop to." After seeing Champ fight clean against a mongrel, Rorke vows to do the same in his next bout. He does, and he wins. In the book, *His*

*Dog*, Link Ferris finds a collie pup by the side of a road. Because of the dog, named Chum, Ferris gives up booze: "I stopped drinking because I got to seeing how much more of a beast I was than the fine clean dog that was living with me." With Chum's instincts for herding sheep and cattle, the sober Ferris pays off the mortgage on his farm, prospers and marries the beautiful Dorcas Chatham, daughter of the postmaster.

Ferris, incidentally, originally found Chum when the dog was tossed from a speeding car going around a curve. A curve in the road was one of Terhune's favorite plot devices. Screaming cars threw forth a veritable army of collies, babies, stolen goods and picnic hampers, all grist for stories. It so happened that The Place fronted, and still fronts, a wicked curve on Route 202, a fact impressed on Terhune himself, who was once struck there by a car doing 60. As a result of the accident, Terhune lost much of the use of his right hand, and he had to give up long-hand for typing, a chore he disliked.

Another favorite device was to have two characters explain the whole background and point of the story in the opening dialogue. There are times where the leading character does this in a soliloquy to a dog, as in the novel *Buff*, where a maltreated pup is rescued by a man named Michael Trent. As Trent drives off with the dog, he says, "I'm an outcast, you know, Buff. An Ishmaelite. And I'm on my way back to my home-place to live things down. It'll be a tough job, Buff. All kinds of rotten times ahead. Want to face it with me? . . . Not to take up too much of your time, Buff, here's the main idea. I'd just got that farm of mine on a paying basis, and changed it from a liability to something like an asset, when the smash-up came. Just because I chose to play the fool. It was down at the Boone Lake store one night. . . ." After Trent goes on for another two pages of dialogue and tells the dog about his being wrongly sentenced to prison, he pauses. Buff struggles close and licks his hand. "Good little pal!" exclaims Trent as he heads home to attempt to clear his name. Does he succeed? Of course, and he wins the heroine, too, winsome Ruth Hammerton, daughter of the local judge—but none of this would have happened were it not for the collie Buff, who pursues his kidnapped master with all the eagerness of a man from a bull-collection agency. "Dizzy from his wound, faint from loss of blood, heart-broken and frantic at the vanishing of his master, the collie sped in pursuit. . . ."

Faithful collies! Tireless collies! Psychic collies! They ever carry onward. "A dog is a dog, but a collie is—a collie." Some of what Terhune wrote is outdated or flimsy cardboard, but much still has a magic. He was perhaps at his best in some of his *Lad* stories or stories where collies revert to the wild, such as in *Fox* and *Lockmow Bobby*. The writing, at least for children, is highly effective, as in this passage from *Fox* where Whitefoot, the registered

*continued*

silver fox escapes from the fur farm: "Wriggling out of his tunnel, he shook himself daintily to rid his shimmering silver-flecked black coat of such dirt as clung to it. Then he glanced around him. From the nearby wire runs, twenty-three pairs of slitted topaz eyes flamed avidly at him. Twenty-three ebony bodies crouched motionless; the moon glinting on their silver stipples and snowy tails."

"The eyes of the world were on the fugitive. The nerves of his world were taut and vibrant with thrill at his escape. But they were sportsmen in their own way, these twenty-three personers who looked on while their more skilled fellow won his way to liberty. Not a whine, not so much as a deep-drawn breath gave token of the excitement that was theirs. No yelping bark brought the partners out to investigate. These captives could help their comrade only by silence. And they gave him silence to a suffocating degree."

Terhune always had doubts about his writing, stating at one point, "I found I could make more money as a scrawler of second- and third-rate stuff. While it is a noble thing to starve in a garret and to leave to posterity a few precious volumes which all folk praise and few read, yet to me there was something better worthwhile in grinding out work which brought me plenty of cash, if no high repute." In an even darker moment, he wrote, "I have become an Apostle of the Obvious, a writer for the Very Young."

In the 1930s Terhune discovered he had cancer. He bore the illness as would Bruce or Lad or Buff, stoically. Bruce Chapman, producer of Terhune's radio show, says that Terhune would tell the doctors, "Take out enough so I can be on the air next Sunday." Always close to his wife, his dear "chum," he loved their hours together at Sunnybank. "He was happy in the simple sense," says Chapman. On Feb. 18, 1942 Terhune died at The Place. A religious man, his last words to his wife were, "I know the Dear Savior will help me across."

The story of Albert Payson Terhune does not end there. Mrs. Terhune survived him for 22 years. A gentle, old-fashioned Victorian sort of lady, Anice Terhune continued to set her beloved Bert's place at the dinner table. For solace, she wrote music. She wore flowery hats, and she was upset by women in slacks. Before his death, Terhune had prepared rough notes for an article, *Across the Line*, in which he speculated on life in the hereafter and which he ended, "It is not ridiculous to believe—to KNOW—there is something very definite, *Across the Line*. It is ridiculous to believe there is not." The psychic had always held an interest for him. Indeed, he touches on this in a couple of stories, most notably *Something*, where a collie howls at his master's death far away.

Mrs. Terhune's loneliness did not last for long. According to a book she wrote and which she called *Across the Line*, Bert first manifested himself to her while she was searching for the pedigree papers for their dogs in his untidy study. "Bert's voice—dear and familiar—suddenly startled me. It came clear, distinct and natural." He told her where to find the missing papers. "'Look behind you, little girl!' he said. 'Look right behind you! They're all there! Everything! Look! Look right behind you! Turn around!'"

In time, she wrote, she was able to take dictation from her husband, a celestial being who, through electrical impulse, manipulated a pencil she held. He reported, "Ladie and Wolf knew me at once. It was so good to have them bounding around me again!" He still loved her and Sunnybank. He gave her advice on how to handle a mischievous dog. She once asked, "How about wearing? Do you still do it?" Terhune replied, "No, Annie; I no longer swear. I had to clean all of that out of my heart at once." When she asked Terhune about John the Baptist, she reported her husband replied, "He is here. In a droning, resounding voice he tells us the Eternal Truths." She then asked, "Why does he do it in a droning voice?" To which Terhune replied, "Because he is the same soul he was on earth."

In the old house by the lake the servants grew fewer, and in 1964 Mrs. Terhune died. Under wills set up by her husband and herself, the Albert Payson Terhune Foundation and Albert Payson Terhune, Inc. came into being. Terhune, Inc. earns money to give to the Terhune Foundation, which dispenses largess to charity. Sunnybank was sold to earn money. A housing developer ended up with the final 10 acres, including the house, kennels, barn and gazebo. A year ago Wayne Township condemned The Place. Weeds grew around the graves of Lad and Bruce, and vandals pillaged the house for souvenirs. Last October the township dedicated The Place as a park. The house stands, in need of repair. From time to time collie fanciers, dog lovers and people who remember the stories and books with affection drive in to look around. They come from all over the country, and one of them who lives nearby, Mrs. Claire Leishman, of Paramus, N.J., has started a drive to restore the house as a shrine. She has written about her efforts in the monthly *Collie Crier*, and the response has been excellent. One lady in California pledged \$1,000, writing, "Everything I am and ever have been in collies is because of the Terhune books."

Apostle of the Obvious, writer to the Very Young, Albert Payson Terhune is still very much alive.

THE END



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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by JOHNATHAN RODGERS

## THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (11-0) 2. COLUMBIA (9-3) 3. LA SALLE (9-3)

Unbeaten St. Bonaventure had an off-night shooting (45%) but played its best defensive game when the Bonnies beat Niagara 101-72 before 5,994 fans, the largest crowd ever in University Center. "I told our team to play as if they were playing five Calvin Murphys," said Bonnie Coach Larry Weise. "Just play them all honest." The real Murphy got only 25 points. Earlier in the week Calvin had 39 despite water on his right knee and a badly sprained right toe as the Purple Eagles beat Buffalo State 94-79.

Penn lost 6'5" Forward Jeff Osowski with a broken left foot, so Coach Dick Hunter decided to use a stall against Princeton. "I only did it to win," said Hunter. "I hated to play a game that way. I hate to ask my players not to be aggressive." Princeton's attack on the basket was very aggressive; the Tigers shot 82% in the first half and 69% for the game and won 73-47.

Columbia's Dave Newmark, complete with Madison Avenue sideburns, had the best game of his career as he got 40 points and the Lions ran over Yale 100-72. The next night a balanced Columbia offense beat Brown 71-47.

"We're playing a little basketball now," proclaimed St. Joseph's Coach Jack McKinney after his Hawks beat Brigham Young 88-74. When St. Joe's got back into Big Five action it was a different story. With reserve Lefty Ervin scoring 25 points, La Salle overwhelmed the Hawks 103-71. Temple was surprised by Army 61-55.

Southern Conference representative Davidson had an easy go in New York City, overwhelming St. John's 70-54. The Redmen led only twice, both times in the first half and both times by only a single point. Sophomore Nacoo Giles came off the bench late in the first half to lead Colgate to an 84-71 win over New York University. A tight Yale zone hampered Cornell's shooting enough for the Elis to wind up with a 69-64 victory.

Defending champion Akron Goodyear won its second straight Intercontinental Cup in Philadelphia, routing Botafogo de Futebol of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil 84-52.

## THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (9-1) 2. KENTUCKY (8-1) 3. VANDERBILT (10-2)

After his Duke team was beaten by North Carolina 75-72, Coach Vic Bubas reflected

on the game and said, "You know what flashed through my mind as I watched? I would think, 'We've got Superman [Larry Miller] covered, but Zorro [Charlie Scott] is doing a heck of a job!'" Zorro was murder against the Blue Devils. He scored inside, outside, from the corner and from out front for 30 points, and grabbed 11 rebounds. When the Duke 2-3 zone became effective, he went to the post and fed Miller and Rusty Clark for easy layups. Earlier, Davidson lost the battle for rebounds and their game to Duke, 89-84. Maryland could make only seven of 33 during the first half, and North Carolina rolled, 68-52.

Vanderbilt students made a conscious effort to be courteous when the Commodores played Kentucky, and the Wildcats were so pleased, possibly, that they made 15 of their first 18 shots and went on to embarrass the Commodores 94-78. "I knew we were in for nothing but trouble," said Vandy Coach Roy Skinner after the game. "Anyone you play Kentucky you are in for trouble."

Jokes about Georgia basketball used to be as plentiful as Aggie jokes in Texas; that is, until this season. Ken Rosemond's team has won six straight, and now members of the SEC are showing a great deal of respect. "We felt all along that we might not win the SEC but we would have a say in who did," says Rosemond. "Now we feel we have as good a chance as anyone." Georgia started the week by beating Mississippi 70-64. Then, while waiting at the Oxford Airport for their chartered plane, they saw it crash and burn. After arriving home two days late, the Bulldogs beat Mississippi State 72-69.

Pete Maravich seemed listless but still scored 55 points against Auburn as LSU won 76-72. Against Florida Maravich got "only" 32 and the Gators got the win, 97-60, behind Neal Walk's 39 points. Earlier, Florida beat Mississippi 70-68.

In the biggest upset of the Southern Conference season, VMI took West Virginia 92-90. "It was a dream come true," said Coach Gary McPherson after the game. Sadly, VMI woke up in its next game and lost to Wake Forest 92-60.

## THE MIDWEST 1. MARQUETTE (10-2) 2. TOLEDO (8-2) 3. OHIO STATE (7-2)

After losing 16 of 25 games against outside opponents over the holidays, Big Ten teams welcomed each other back with open arms. Defending co-champion Indiana, playing

its first home game in nearly a month, rallied in the second half to beat Minnesota 74-59. The other co-champion found the going tougher. Illinois held Michigan State scoreless for 6½ minutes in the second half and won 66-56. Precision favorite Purdue ran into a four-man zone with a chaser and lost to Ohio State 108-80. Guard Dennis Meadows was the chaser, and he held Purdue's Rick Mount to two points in the second half and 19 for the game. Wisconsin Guard Mike Carles stole the ball with the score tied to give the Badgers a 77-75 victory over Michigan. Northwestern beat Iowa and Sam Williams 76-67.

In the Big Eight Tournament after Christmas, Nebraska won three games and Iowa State lost three, so Husker Coach Joe Cupprano feared that his players would be at a psychological disadvantage when they opened the conference race in Ames. He was right. With 6'8" Don Smith getting 39 points, the Cyclones won easily 85-70.

Even though Kansas hadn't jumped off to its expected fast start, 14,000 people turned out in five-below-zero weather to watch the Jayhawks whip Colorado 66-59. Oklahoma edged Missouri 71-70 while Kansas State, with 7'1" Nick Pino on the bench most of the second half, beat Oklahoma State 56-46.

Toledo continued to play well and lead the Mid-American Conference. John Brinker scored 26 as the Rockets beat Bowling Green 73-69 in overtime and then Brinker came back with 29, including the two points that tied the game at the end of regulation time, when the Rockets won another overtime game against Miami (Ohio) 97-89.

Jim Ard and Rick Robertson controlled the boards for Cincinnati, and the Bearcats rolled over North Texas State 61-53. Two nights later the Bearcats lost to Tulsa for the seventh time in eight games, 62-59, as the Hurricanes threw up a 1-2-2 zone for rebound strength.

Marquette won a pair, downing DePaul 72-50 and beating NCAA runner-up Dayton 83-68. Kent State lost two, 80-63 to St. Bonaventure and 52-50 to Penn State.

## THE WEST 1. UCLA (10-0) 2. UTAH (11-1) 3. NEW MEXICO (13-0)

Las Vegas has always been a trap for anyone with a dime and the itch to gamble, and now visiting basketball coaches are regarding it the same way. Oklahoma City Coach Abe Lemons brought his undefeated team into town for a game with Nevada Southern—a small college that beat University of the Pacific and stayed close to Houston—and Abe lost. The Rebels won 96-92 with eight straight points in the closing minutes. Nevada was down 90-88 when Curtis Watson, one of three California junior-college transfers on the starting five,

stole the ball twice and scored each time, Jerry Chandler drove up the middle for two and Don Lyons, a 6' 5" deaf mute, scored on a tip-in for his 28th point of the evening. Californian Elbert Miller scored 32 while another transfer, John Trapp, a rugged 6' 7" forward with a shaved head and a pointed goatee, scored 18. OCU took a long time to recover. Two nights later Portland ended a 17-game losing streak by upsetting the Chiefs 74-63.

It was a bad week for the Washington universities as they opened AAWU play in Los Angeles. As expected, UCLA beat them both easily, taking Washington State 97-69 and Washington 93-65. But unexpectedly, USC also won twice, downing the Huskies 58-56 on Bill Hewitt's 13-foot jump shot with 40 seconds to go and the Cougars 92-73. But the news in L.A. was that for the first time—after endless student campaigns—the Trojans were represented by dancing pom-pom girls. "The girls were great," USC Coach Bob Boyd observed after the close Washington game.

It didn't seem fair when Oregon State Coach Paul Valenti had 6' 5" Loy Petersen guard 5' 10" Californian Russ Critchfield, but it was effective. Critchfield could get only 15 points, and the Bears lost 76-63. The next night Petersen held hot-shooting Stanford Forward Art Harris to 15, and the Beavers won again, 67-51. Against Oregon the night before, Harris led Stanford

to a 79-73 win with 37 points. California, with Critchfield hitting 36 and 6' 11" Bob Presley 29, beat Oregon 96-81.

Dennis Black scored 13 of his 19 points from the free-throw line and blocked two crucial shots as San Francisco upset Santa Clara 70-68 to open the WCAC race.

In Provo, Brigham Young and Utah State traded the lead 28 times and were tied 23 times before the Cougars won 104-98 despite Shuler Hahmon's 47 points for State. Visiting Texas at El Paso destroyed young Colorado State 90-70, but the Rams came back against Chicago Loyola, beating the Ramblers 81-73.

## THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (15-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (11-2) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (8-2)

The high school gym in Las Cruces that New Mexico State uses for games was the site of the showdown between once-beaten State and undefeated New Mexico, and when the game was over the Lobos were still undefeated. The score, 71-64. Although the Lobos had warmed up by beating Denver 87-76 and Air Force 88-60, they didn't come into the big game free of worries. Their 6' 8" center, Ron Sanford, was the main problem. The day before he had injured himself in a trampoline accident when his knee hit his eye, causing a contusion of the retina. Another problem was the famous Aggie press. "They'll start pressing us before we get off the bus," said Lobo Assistant Ron Ellenberger. "We'll be lucky to get to the dressing room." With Sanford in the hospital at game time, Coach Bob King's adjusted offense performed well enough to beat the press most of the time and, in the end, the Aggies.

There is still no obvious favorite in the SWC but, at the moment, Texas Christian is making most of the noise. After beating Rice 84-75 behind James Cash's 29 points ("It's about time," he said. "I've been saving up all season"), the Horned Frogs edged Texas A&M in double overtime 81-77 in hostile College Station.

Sophomore Larry Gatewood came off the bench and scored 24 points to lead Baylor over SMU 75-66, and a balanced attack by the Bears three nights later accounted for a 64-50 win over Texas Tech. Texas also had two SWC wins, beating Tech 84-72 and SMU 84-80, while Rice beat Arkansas 73-61.

"I've heard people say that you come back from Hawaii and fall flat on your face," said Houston Coach Guy Lewis after his team beat Michigan 91-65. "My boys were tired after the long flight the day before, and the time changes played tricks on us, but they came through." Four nights later they came through again, defeating Century 118-81.

END

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FALLING WAY BACK before he shoots, Nevada Southern's Don Lyons, a deaf mute, gets 28 points as Rebels upset Oklahoma City

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## CARL AND CATHERINE

Sirs,

I happened to see Carl Yastrzemski's smiling visage on the newsstand here in Paris, and being among the Red Sox' most faithful fans since I could lift a bat (I'm now 20), I simply had to buy the December 25 issue of SI as a Christmas present to myself. I am a student here this year, and unfortunately I was forced to leave home during the peak of the American League pressure and miss the greatest excitement Boston has seen in a long time. Reading the article on Carl in the *Metro*, I was unable to suppress a broad smile, much to the amusement of my fellow French passengers. I must say that your choice of Carl Yastrzemski as Sportsman of the Year and the outstanding tribute you paid him not only lifted my spirits immensely during this rainy holiday season, but also made me all the more proud to be both a baseball fan and an American.

GAIL HEWSON

Sevres, France

Sirs,

For excellence in one particular field of athletics, none was better in 1967 than Yastrzemski. But your award is for the sportsman, not just the hero. My understanding of a sportsman is one who gives 100% effort to his team, his sport and his country, and accepts whatever benefits he gains with a degree of modesty and appreciation. Carl Yastrzemski's sportsmanship came to an abrupt halt when he was voted the Most Valuable Player in the American League. He deserved this because he definitely was valuable, but he could not accept the fact that other athletes in the American League were also valuable. He was disappointed because he didn't get every first-place vote. This attitude showed what type of men Carl Yastrzemski really is. Evidently, he wasn't giving 100% effort to his team, but was out to reap the benefits of personal glory. In my humble opinion, your selection was a disappointment to the readers of your magazine.

JAMES T. KELLY

Fort Riley, Kans

Sirs,

Congratulations to Sports Illustrated for including Mike Lacoste in your Sportsman of the Year article. It was particularly gratifying for us here at The Homestead who watched this bubbly 22-year-old golf champion dance the Charleston at night and play those great golf shots by day over the Cascades Course as he moved on her merry way to the 1967 Women's Open Golf Championship.

Congratulations again to Carl and O.J., but a great big merci to Catherine who made our year quite exciting here at Hot Springs.

JOHN M. GAZZOLA JR.

Hot Springs, Va

## BOYCOTT (CONT.)

Sirs,

The Negro Olympic boycott becomes more confused each day as new parties adhere to one side or the other, and changes are made and refuted. It is not clear to me how the matter of the New York Athletic Club became a central issue in the boycott (*A Step to an Olympic Boycott*, Dec. 4) but the record should be set straight.

Harry Edwards and his followers have accused the New York Athletic Club of being anti-Negro and anti-Jewish in its policies. If this charge were true, it would be the exclusive business of the New York Athletic Club, since it is a private club and is not even a remote arm of the U.S. Olympic Committee. My personal experience is that the charge is not true. Don Spero (1966 World Single Scull Champion) and I are both Jewish. Both of us have been athletic members of the NYAC and have raced for the club. Though my formal association with the club terminated when I entered the service and left New York City, Don is still a member. Following his world-championship victory he received the Veteran's Award, the highest athletic honor given by the club.

There is one interesting sidelight to this story. When the boycott affair became national news and the accusation against the NYAC became public, I was approached by one of my current teammates at the Potomac Boat Club in Washington. His comment: "I don't understand it. I only know two oarsmen from the New York Athletic Club, and both of them are Jewish." I'm sure there are many others who don't understand the accusation.

REICARD A. SCHWARTZ, M.D.  
Washington

## CLASS CONSCIOUS

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article *Ford Caves Flynn* (Dec. 25) very much. However, considering the 7-liter Ford win at Le Mans last summer and the pressure put on Ford by the "24,000 Porsches" (3-Inert), Ford should direct its efforts toward building a car in which engineering is more of a factor than power. Sure, those Fords "went to beat hell"—but on brute strength only Porsche went to beat hell on engineering and performance.

MICHAEL REITMAN

Fairborn, Ohio

## THE VANDY WAGON

Sirs,

I don't know if I have enjoyed reading an article as much as Curry Kirkpatrick's *Gearing the Vandy Treatment* (Dec. 25). Everything he said about Coach Roy Skinner is true. Playing basketball under Skinner is a pleasure because he "plays the game the way it was meant to be played."

In Nashville, our "treatment" is a community effort with the fans, coaches and team all at their best for every game. With spirit like this the Vandy treatment is going to be around for a long, long time!

ED DUBOWSKI

Nashville

## COLD RECEPTION

Sirs,

Now that the Green Bay Packers have proved themselves Arctic champions (*The Old Pro Goes in for Sex*, Jan. 8), wouldn't it be exciting if next year we flew the team to Thailand and had them play a Monsoon Bowl? Ecuador, I am sure, would welcome a tropic championship game, and if the fates were willing, we could have the thrill of an occasional game played in a hurricane. With such excitement in the foreseeable future, I think we should dispel all efforts to arrange a football championship game in some such moderate climate as Florida or California.

ROSS DUMORE

Killion, Texas

Sirs:

I hope that it was as obvious to other fans as it was to me that the National Football League, in staging its championship game under the conditions that existed in Green Bay, has perpetrated a hoax upon its fans. Paul Hornung said it at halftime: "The players must adjust; they cannot play their usual game on this field."

This year's game should be sufficient to convince the leagues to change their present rules in determining the location of the championship game.

WILLIAM G. CHRISTOPHER  
Charlottesville, Va

## HOT STUFF

Sirs

Gary Cartwright's coverage of the world chili cooking contest (*The Great Chili Championship Fix*, Dec. 11) was excellent. In fact, it has so stirred up every would-be, two-alarm chili maker on the West Coast that a regional contest is being planned for late January or early February. Even the celebrated Father Duffy, who incidentally was not responsible for the presence of ladies at Terlingua and would like very much to be

continued

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“The young Negro student sat listening intently as his teacher at Proviso East High School in suburban Chicago told the class some facts about democracy, U.S.A. ‘To begin with,’ the teacher said, ‘the Declaration of Independence spells out the fundamental belief that all men are created equal.’ The boy shot back: ‘That’s a lie. The black man isn’t equal.’” *From a Newsweek special report on the Negro in America.*

“The country hasn’t been overrun, but the cities have. By the latest count, 125 million Americans are packed into 10 percent of the land, into the tight urban cores and their sprawling suburban appendages. Indeed, a city dweller can’t even visualize a square mile—there are too many people in the way. In Manhattan, a New Yorker shares his square mile with 67,869 others.” *From a Newsweek report on Science.*

“To reduce their cholesterol levels, thousands of Americans skip eggs at breakfast, refuse to eat butter and pastries and turn down meats high in animal fats. But according to a report at the American College of Surgeons meeting last week, the coronary-conscious middle-aged man may be able to eat his cake and have a low cholesterol count too. ‘The answer,’ said a Duke University surgeon, ‘is an anti-cholesterol cocktail containing a resin called cholestyramine.’” *From a Newsweek story on Medicine.*

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## 19TH HOLE

allowed to return to his once happy home, is planning to enter the West Coast chili contest. The West Coast winner, of course, will automatically gain a berth in the 1988 world championship—opposing H Allen Smith and Fowl Fowler.

Woody DeSilva, president of the Cucamonga Chapter of the Chili Appreciation Society International is acting as host of the West Coast cookoff and has received nearly 30 entries already. Thanks to SI, chili heads the world over are standing up to be counted.

BILL DONER

Playa del Rey, Calif.

Sirs:

The trouble with immodest pretenders like Fowler and Smith is that they waste their efforts thinking up insults to fling at each other, and neither one is a real spit hand at chili making. The real reason Fowler and Smith decided to keep their Terlingua, Texas fiasco a stag affair is that they both had heard about the chili my wife Hazel makes. They knew there simply would be no contest if she dropped in at Terlingua and whopped up a washpoful of her chili.

Now, even though I know the secrets of Hazel's chili, I am not privileged to disclose them. That is, none except the kind of peppers she uses. First off, Hazel does not use green bell peppers, like Smith says he uses. I can't believe Smith actually uses green bells. Nor does Hazel use the Mexican jalapeño that Fowler claims to use. Those things, at best, are only two-alarm.

The peppers in Hazel's chili are the small, native peppers called chilipequinos (usually mispronounced chilly-pa-keeri) that we grow on our place. A chilipequino is about the size of a small English pen and speaks with the authority of an ordinary-size atom when exploded. These peppers are a favorite food of Texas mockingbirds which accounts for their unusually shrill whistle and the fact that they are often seen flying backward.

We have a fresh supply of venison, which we can use as the "carne," and would be glad to have you drop in and see us anytime.

IRLEMAN O'QUINN  
Associate Justice  
Court of Civil Appeals

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

I did not know before reading the article that Kansas City was a member of CASI. Is that why we have such good chili in the Kansas City area?

Let me make one thing clear. It isn't chili if it doesn't have beans!

FRED HYSBELL

Mound City, Kans.

Sirs:

Your essay by friend Cartwright, Gary, is one I would classify "Excellent, very" (In fact, he made but one misce (Which could happen, of course, to me—or you)!) The official Chili Society poet (In the interest of truth, you should know it) is not Frank Tolbert (I call him FXT). But please, simple, little ole me.

Deprive me not of my beloved poet (Among avocations, I dig this the most). My poems are few, their depth is meager. But the spirit that moves them is ever eager. With Fowler's chili spurring me on (My poems could flow from dawn to dawn. But the soupy mess of H. Allen Smith/Would desecrate the juices now and forthwith (That flow from the chili bowl into the mind). But I digress—when you give out titles, may I have mine?

BILL RIVES  
Executive Editor  
Denton Record-Chronicle

Denton, Texas

## SWEET TALK

Sirs:

In response to the letter (19TH HOLE, Dec 11) concerning the willingness of Sweet Bear's football team to accept challenges from any qualified team, we, the Bessell Hall Machine, would like to take up the challenge. As men of Dartmouth, the personification of Northern virility, we cannot, in the interest of sport, let such a challenge go unanswered. We are willing to accept any handicap that Sweet Bear (the Sweeties) might suggest to make the game an even contest. We do propose, however, that the game be played at Sweet Bear, for until the snow melts next May there will be no place to play in Hanover. We ask one stipulation, though, dates after the game. We eagerly await Sweet Bear's reply.

THE BESSELL HALL FOOTBALL TEAM  
Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

We feel that we are qualified and very interested in participating in just such a contest. We would be willing to travel to Sweet Bear to meet, play and defeat this highly ranked and well-coached team.

THE COLLINS ANIMALS FOOTBALL TEAM  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio

Sirs:

I accept the challenge of the Sweet Bear football team. Please tell them to come to Millinocket, Maine, next September. I'll play them all by my lonesome. Who needs a team?

As a matter of fact, they don't even have to wait until September. I'm ready anytime.

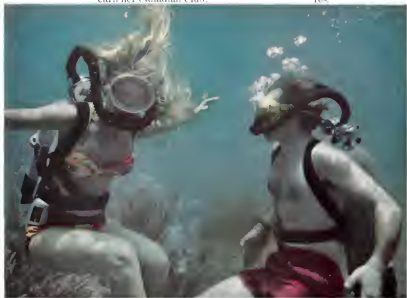
DEK. MACHIN JR.

Millinocket, Me



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